The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914.

Summary of the News

An international question of some complexity has arisen between the United States and Great Britain as a result of the seizure by the latter country of three ships belonging to the Standard Oil Company. The ships concerned were the John D. Rockefeller, the Brindilla, and the Platuria. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador, announced on October 22 that the first-named vessel had been released on it being ascertained that the oil in her tanks was destined for the Danish Petroleum Company and that there is in Denmark an embargo on the export of oil. She was detained, the statement declared, because her cargo was only consigned "to order." The Brindilla was also ordered released on Monday, and it is expected that the release of the Platuria will follow. The situation in connection with these two ships is somewhat complicated by the fact that they have only recently changed from the German to the American flag, and the question has been raised whether the change is bona fide. That question, however, the British Government is understood to regard as a minor matter. The vital point is whether the oil which the ships carry is destined ultimately to find its way into the tanks of the German army at Kiel or the Zeppelin bases along the Rhine.

The question that is raised concerns the rights of neutrals with respect to what is known as "conditional contraband" of war. Oil is included under this classification. Conditional contraband, according to Article XXXIII of the Declaration of London, "is liable to capture if it is shown that it is destined for the use of the armed forces of a Government Department of the enemy State, unless in this latter case the circumstances show that the article cannot in fact be used for the purposes of the war in progress." The contention of the British Government is that imports of gasolene, illuminating oil, and oil fuel have shown a considerable increase in neutral states accessible to Germany since the commencement of the war, and the supposition is that supplies of this character have been transshipped from Copenhagen and other neutral ports to Germany. If this is so, it is apparent that there is some reason for the British action, and it is comparable with the course adopted by the United States in the Civil War, when the Supreme Court declared that vast quantities of supplies shipped from England to the neutral port of Nassau and transshipped for the use of the Confederate army were contraband of war. Nevertheless, the burden of proof rests with Great Britain. If the shipments of oil are genuinely consigned to private firms in Copenhagen or other neutral ports, then the exporters in the United States are clearly acting within their rights and the question is one between Great Britain and Denmark. The imposition of an embargo on oil by the latter country should serve to simplify the difficulty, which in any case, so far as this country and Great Britain were concerned, was bound to yield to an amicable settlement.

Acting Secretary of State Lansing announced on Sunday that assurances had been given by Sir Edward Grey, British Foreign Minister, that American cotton was not in the list of contraband and that its shipment would not be interfered with as such by the British Government.

The conference report on the War Revenue bill was adopted by the House on October 22 by a vote of 126 to 52, and was passed by the Senate and signed by the President on the same day. In the final stage of the bill amendments proposed by the Senate to increase the tax on beer from $1.50 to $1.75 a barrel, and imposing a levy of five cents a gallon on rectified spirits, were eliminated. Failure to substitute in lieu of these amendments Representative Underwood's proposal to restore the tax of two cents a gallon on gasolene, as contained in the House bill, will reduce the amount of revenue as estimated in the Senate bill at $105,000,000 to $90,000,000.

The adjournment of Congress, which was expected to follow immediately the passing of the War Revenue bill, was postponed from Thursday to Saturday of last week through a filibuster started by Southern Senators who were fighting for the passage of legislation to aid the cotton-planters. There was some talk of the President exercising his constitutional power and adjourning Congress, but the filibuster was abandoned on Saturday (it was reported, after assurances had been exacted that a measure for the relief of the cotton situation should have the right of way when Congress reconvened in regular session on December 7), and both houses adjourned.

It was made known by the State Department on Saturday of last week that on September 3 a note had been received from Count von Bernstorff denying emphatically that Germany, in the event of her success in the present war, would seek expansion in South America. On the following day the German Ambassador amplified the official note of his Government by making the interesting, but presumably unofficial, suggestion that the invasion of Canada by German troops would not violate the Monroe Doctrine. The suggestion, which has a pleasant academic flavor, is discussed in other columns.

As a result of negotiations with the British Government through the United States Embassy in London, the American Commission for the Relief of Belgium made arrangements for the shipment last Tuesday of 2,500 tons of cereals on a Dutch boat by way of Holland. Assurances have also been received that the exportation of other cereals already purchased will be permitted. Field Marshal von der Goltz, German Governor in Belgium, has given assurances to the United States Minister, Brand Whitlock, that foodstuffs supplied through the Committee shall be devoted exclusively to the use of the civil population of Belgium.

The situation in Mexico has remained somewhat inscrutable. It is apparent that Gen. Carranza has not taken in good part the decision of the Convention at Aguascalientes to constitute itself into a kind of commission of government for Mexico over the head of the First Chief. The latter is understood to have expressed a willingness to retire temporarily from political life provided that Villa and Zapata would sever all connection with the military forces of which they are in command, and that he himself should not be prohibited from becoming a candidate for election to the Presidency at the first election to be held in the republic. It is needless to say that there is not the smallest prospect of these terms appealing to Villa and Zapata. The arrival on Tuesday of twenty-eight Zapatista delegates presumably puts Villa's faction in control of the Convention, and there are said to be signs that the atmosphere in the Convention has cleared to some extent. The belief is expressed in some quarters that the resignation of Carranza will now be accepted whether he wishes it or not, and that Gen. Antonio Villareal, the chairman of the Convention, may be its choice as Provisional President.

Abortive uprisings on the part of the monarchists occurred at various places in Portugal, especially in the north, on October 20 and October 21. According to dispatches from Lisbon, on Friday of last week, the outbreaks were not of a serious character and were easily put down.

According to dispatches from Brussels to the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger,* the testimony of German and Belgian witnesses taken at the judicial inquiry into the destruction of Louvain, as was not wholly unexpected, shows that the citizens fired on German troops and were therefore, according to the *Lokalanzeiger,* entirely to blame for the razing of their town.

According to reports from Athens, the enterprising Essad Pasha, who recently set up a provisional presidency in Albania, last week addressed an ultimatum to the Government of Epirus demanding the evacuation of North Epirus, and, receiving no reply, ordered the invasion of the country. It is stated that after a fierce fight the invaders were repulsed with heavy losses.

The revolt in South Africa of Lieut.-Col. Maritz and his commando has apparently turned out not to be a particularly serious matter. According to dispatches from Capetown, Maritz's force of about 1,000 men has been completely defeated at Kakamas, Cape Province. On Wednesday, however, came the news that Gen. De Wet, in the north of the Orange Free State, and Gen. Beyers in the western Transvaal had raised the standard of revolt. The seriousness of the situation cannot at present be estimated, but the South African Government has taken energetic steps to suppress the rebellion.

The deaths of the week include: Robert Arthur, Dr. Bukk G. Carleton, Justice Edward B. Amend, Rev. Washington Frothingham, October 20; Julius Robertson, October 21; General Brayton Ives, Theodore de Joly de Sabla, Bernard R. Green, Prof. William F. Bradbury, October 22; Gen. Edward F. Winslow, October 23; Colin H. Campbell, October 24; Sir Charles Douglas, ex-President José Evaristo Uriburu, October 25; John Hull Browning, October 26.

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The Week

Count von Bernstorff's assurance that Germany will not consent to waive her right to invade Canada because of the Monroe Doctrine need keep no one awake o'nights, either here or in the Dominion. A little trifle like the British fleet still stands in the way. But this harmless intellectual exercise of conquering oversea domain by fancy is being indulged in on all sides. There are no doubt Germans in plenty who firmly believe that their troops will enter London ere long. Was there not a rumor a little while ago that fifty armored lighters are being built at Kiel, each to carry 500 Prussians of the expeditionary force which is to hunt Kitchener in his lair as soon as the German submarines have disposed of Jellicoe's remaining ships? Do we not read that submarine transports are being built? In England the most popular game is still that of dividing up the German Empire. Seriously speaking, it is wise of the Germans to make it clear that they have not thought of seeking South American territory in the event of their conquering the Allies. There is a great deal of loose talk to this effect going the rounds—that we shall "have Germany on our necks if she wins." Every assurance which she can give that this will not be her policy, if it is based on something more definite than a scrap of paper, will be to her advantage.

How immense is the task of relieving the war-stricken in even England appears from the difficulty of organizing all the agencies of assistance, private and governmental. At their head stands the Cabinet Committee administering the Prince of Wales's—now the National Relief—Fund, which works through local citizens' committees formed in every district of 20,000 population. Government measures have been taken to prevent its plans overlapping those of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Relief Association, and those of the Poor Law and National Insurance authorities. But there is already serious complaint that it has not availed of the knowledge and energy of the thousands of well-equipped societies which deal year in and year out with social and charitable problems, and which have been moved to redoubled effort by the crisis—the Charity Organization Society, the Church Army, the Board of Guardians, the Children's Aid Association, and so on. In many localities these have formed Bureaus of Personal Service to coöperate with the Cabinet Committee's organization; in others they have complained bitterly of the maladjustment of relief. In addition, there are bodies like the Queen's Employment Committee, with its fund to establish workrooms; and the disorganized activities of hundreds of localities in providing special road and building schemes, 600 of which were submitted for government approval between August 4 and September 21 alone. The country not only faces the present dislocation of employment, the care of widows and orphans, the congestion of hospitals, but must look forward to such tremendous problems as the re-absorption of a huge army into industry at the war's end—a process miserable and disheartening even after the Boer War.

Congress, which adjourned on Saturday, holds its record as the longest continuous sitting of the legislative body of the United States. Special and regular sessions combined, it has been at its post since April 7, 1913—about eighteen and one-half months, or 550 days. The most protracted regular session previously on record—excluding one which was interrupted by very lengthy recesses—was that extending from December 3, 1849, to September 30, 1850, or 302 days. It was occupied with the Compromise Measure, it heard four great speeches by Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Seward, and there joined in its debates Benton, Hale, Douglas, Jefferson Davis, and Salmon P. Chase. No piece of oratory of the present session will rank with the Seventh of March speech. As for special sessions, there have been nineteen in the period from 1789 to 1913, lasting from ten days to eight months each—but very few over six months. Not many Presidents have cared to assume the responsibilities they involve. It is to be pointed out that but for the length of the first regular session of the Sixty-second Congress, December 4, 1911, to August 26, 1912, the longest in thirty years, the mark now set by the combined sessions would be still more striking.

The full report of Secretary McAdoo on the receipts from individuals under the income tax from March 1 to December 31, 1913, is in many respects surprising. The yield is certainly much less than most observers had expected. In his annual report to Congress a year ago, the Secretary predicted an income of $54,000,000 from individuals under the tax; and despite the manifest elements of uncertainty in any calculation, many thought that it should produce more. It was a heavy reduction from the yield of over $80,000,000 upon which the Congressmen who drew up the bill had counted. Last July, again, upon the completion of the task of collection, the Secretary issued another estimate to the effect that the receipts would approximate $31,000,000. Surprising as this was, the full returns now show the amount to be actually about $28,000,000. The Secretary's original estimate is almost halved, and that of Congress nearly cut in three. The number of returns is as disappointing as the aggregate revenue, for but 357,598 were made, though Congress, in its $80,000,000 estimate, had counted upon half a million. Yet it is to be remembered that all estimates were purely conjectural, the uncollected income tax of 1894 having offered no guide to the law's productiveness. The Internal Revenue Bureau promises a report upon the delinquents, of whom it is thought there are many; but the discrepancy between expectation and result is so great that delinquency can at most account for but a part of the miscalculation.

The formal announcement by the Treasury Department that the new regional banks will be opened November 16 foreshadows events with a highly interesting bearing on our troubled financial situation. It is now evident—as it was, indeed, to thoughtful students of the question when the new system was planned—that an important function of the regional banks will be that of leadership in matters of banking policy. Every one familiar with the history of our financial panics knew that on such occasions the existence of a powerful central institution, holding the ultimate cash reserve for banks of its district and exercising organizational supervision over them, would insure the maximum of efficiency in dealing with the crisis. The present situation could not possibly have been foreseen; yet no situation can be imagined in which precisely this centralized authority and power would be more urgently needed. Laborious voluntary effort of a few individuals or institutions has succeeded in organizing such "emergency relief movements" as the $100,000,000 fund contributed by New York banks to protect this city's foreign engagements, and the $100,000,000 fund for regulating the exchange market, in which the larger banks throughout the country joined. Now, in the same unofficial way, the problem of financing a partly unsalable cotton crop is being dealt with. It needs no argument to show how much more effectively all this could be done with the regional banks and the national board in full operation.

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The rejection by the House, as well as the Senate, of the plan to relieve the cotton exigency by a $250,000,000 issue of Government bonds, cannot bitterly disappoint the South. Such action was foreshadowed from the beginning; while, in spite of all that the Georgia and Alabama members said of the "Macedonian cry" from their sections, it is hard to believe that the better judgment of a large part of the Southern people was not really against the proposal. The six Southern Governors who met recently to agree upon legislation limiting the cotton-growing area or encouraging other crops, took no desperate view of the necessity for Federal relief, and there are Southern newspapers that have opposed it. Part of the support it has had in Congress was sincere, but a large part was admittedly political. It must be hoped that any who believed in it received a clear lesson by the vote and the unequivocal debate in Congress, and that the South at large will understand that its best part is to help itself and not to come to Congress for special privileges. Congressman Glass, of Virginia, to whom much of the credit for defeating the bill is to be given, repeatedly emphasized his judgment that "we already have upon the statute book laws which, with the bills proposed by the Banking and Currency Committee, are sufficient to relieve the situation"; and everything now indicates the success of the proposed bankers' cotton pool.

We know that the Republican party cannot change its spots, because the Colonel has so stated. Only an academic interest, accordingly, attaches to Chairman Hilles's announcement that the plan proposed last December for reducing the Southern representation in national Republican conventions has been adopted, through its ratification by conventions in States that cast a majority of votes in the present Electoral College. The Convention of 1916 will have 89 fewer delegates than the Convention of 1912, and most of this loss will be in the delegations from the South. It is noteworthy that the South itself has accepted the reduction, Texas being the only State to vote against it; her loss will be sixteen delegates, twice the loss of any other State. The only Northern State to lose in representation is New York, and it loses but two delegates. Chairman Hilles is at pains to point out that "the system of unequal numerical representation, against which many States constantly contended, was the legacy of years and of political custom, and therefore not in any way identified with the Convention of 1912." Not a word about the real objection to it, that it stood in the way of an ex-President's ambition!

The American Bar Association disposed of the question of admitting negroes to membership by a resolution providing that in submitting lists of candidates for membership, the local councils shall give information as to the race, sex, and any other matters pertaining to the candidates that are required by the Executive Committee of the Association. This saves the Association from the stigma of drawing a racial line, even if it makes it possible to reject a candidate upon that ground alone. This action followed the adoption of a resolution submitted by Moorfield Storey, repealing the resolution of two years ago declaring that it was not contemplated that colored men should be admitted to membership. The Association is to be congratulated upon extricating itself from a most discreditable position, and one that had resulted in the resignation of a number of members.

Congressman Vare's attack upon Senator Penrose in the House, calling upon him to deny categorically the authenticity of the "information" from Penrose on which the Philadelphia *North American* bases charges concerning Vare's alleged use of bribes in 1911, revives a feud that will make Pennsylvania Democrats jubilant. The quarrel may be only temporary, for a general denial has already come from Penrose, and the Republicans will put forth every effort to reconcile the two leaders. The following of Vare is more personal than partisan; if Penrose cannot prove misstatement on the part of the *North American*, and Vare carries his resentment to an extreme, he should cut down the inevitable Penrose majority in Philadelphia by 40,000 or 50,000. The *North American* charges that, in an effort to help that journal defeat Vare's nomination in 1911, Penrose "made the most astounding and specific charges of corruption to which we have ever listened, bluntly naming as the corrupters . . . his own political and business associates." A few days before election, the mine is well sprung.

Instances of resort to the recall are so few that discussion of the device is still limited in the main to general considerations. California has just furnished an example of its use, however, which should be added to the list. Two years ago, at the last State election, a Senator was chosen by a narrow majority of the reform as opposed to the machine adherents. He took a firm stand at Sacramento against vice and kindred evils, not only upon general grounds, but also because of the approaching Exposition. The climax of his activity in this direction was reached by his introduction of a bill to abate the "redlight" conditions in San Francisco. A movement was started to recall him. The petition received the requisite number of signatures, and at the election he was defeated by an open champion of the interests that he had been fighting. The significant feature of the affair is that only half of the registered voters went to the special election; naturally, the interests antagonized were represented in good numbers. Of course, it was the duty of the citizens, if they approved of the course of their Senator, to go to the polls and vote to retain him. But it is matter of common observation that special elections do not receive the attention that is paid to regular ones. This particular election strengthens the position of those who hold that the recall tends to operate against the man in office, especially if he has been the exponent of a vigorous policy.

The notable celebration of the thirty-fifth anniversary of Thomas A. Edison's perfection of the incandescent lamp is gratifying evidence that Americans are beginning properly to take note of events in the lives of their men of science during their lifetime. Who can measure the world's debt to Mr. Edison for his development of the electric light and the complete revolution in illumination which it has brought about? The amazing thing about it all is that these electrical wonders, including the trolley-car and electric train, have become universal so quickly. The increase in comfort due to the incandescent light no one of the younger generation can understand, but if our cities could go back for even a day to the old gaslight, everybody would appreciate in fullest degree just what the "Wizard of Menlo Park" has accomplished in this field. As it is, the modest inventor will be grateful, no doubt, for the evidences of public appreciation so widely displayed. There is something inspiring in every phase of Mr. Edison's life, but best of all is his absolute devotion to his work, his refusal to splurge, or to be exploited, and his intense desire to confer other lasting benefits upon his fellowmen.

Time has still left the country a handful of forty-niners; but those who were connected with the picturesque early history of the West are fast passing. Of this the death of

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a character immortalized in "Roughing It" has just reminded California. Calvin H. Higbie, civil engineer and miner, and long a partner of the humorist, figures in the story and in its dedication. There are two good reasons for believing that he was peculiarly fitted for companionship with Mark Twain. His life, in which he won and lost at least one large fortune, was full of hopeful, adventurous Americanism; and to Paine's biography of Clemens he was persuaded to contribute a few lines that betoken an appreciative spirit. Speaking of Mark Twain's enjoyment of the pleasures of a "great ball" at Aurora, he wrote:

> In changing partners, whenever he saw a hand raised he would grasp it with great pleasure and sail off into another set, oblivious to his surroundings. Sometimes he would act as though there were no use in trying to go right or to dance like other people, and with his eyes closed he would do a hoe-down or a double-shuffle all alone, talking to himself and saying that he never dreamed there was so much pleasure to be obtained at a ball. It was all as natural as a child's play. By the second set, all the ladies were falling over themselves to get him for a partner, and most of the crowd, too full of mirth to dance, were standing or sitting around, dying with laughter.

To have seen such days, and to have been chum to Mark Twain, a Western periodical explains, was not to have lived in vain.

The Hartford *Courant* is celebrating the completion of a hundred and fifty years of continuous existence under one name. In this respect, it has a unique place in American journalism. Founded on October 29, 1764, it has lived to see the end of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries and the opening of the twentieth. Yet this distinguished record does not make it the oldest daily newspaper in the country. The *Courant* started as a weekly, and did not become a daily until 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession. At that time, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore all had old daily newspapers. One of these, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which was owned for a while by Franklin, had been started as a weekly as early as 1729; the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*, now the *Baltimore American*, had its first issue in 1773; the New York *Commercial Advertiser* had been started in 1793 as the *Minerva* by Noah Webster, and the *Evening Post* had first seen the light in 1801. All of these, with the exception of the last-named, have undergone changes of name, and the oldest of them was absorbed by the Philadelphia *North American* in 1845—not the present enterprising sheet of that name, but its predecessor.

He who coins a word is greater than he who bombarded Rheims Cathedral. It must have been a genius who invented "to fashionize." It leaped from his brain when cotton became the craze. At least, we are told it is the craze. The Southern Society is going to dance in it. A perfectly new bride in her first attempt at matrimony will walk to the altar arrayed in it; the Women's New York Democratic Club, always by principle inclined to simplicity, will henceforth urge other women to wear it. "Pretty," "inexpensive," "lasting," "patriotic" precede the noun, even when purists write of the product of the South. But will all this endeavor, this praise, this wooing accomplish its purpose? Will the farmers rid themselves of the obnoxious stuff? There is one way, and only one, to "fashionize" cotton. If it is done by society, Hoke Smith may stop filibustering. But there must be no doubt as to its being the real Society. The amiable daughters of Queen Victoria wrapped themselves from crown to sole in Irish lace to further Irish industry, and the student of history will remember that one married the grandson of a shoemaker and another one of her Majesty's subjects, and that in time a large appropriation (see George Birmingham) had to be made for wharves on the Irish coast, where there was no necessity for wharves. Yet the daughters of the Queen were not Society. That body, tiny, exclusive, remote, has never lacked judgment or taste. It is to it the Southern farmer should cotton.

Nobody has a kind word for the Huns. The name is the last word in vituperation. England applies it to the Germans. Germany applies it to the Cossacks. Presumably the Austrians apply it to the Serbs, unless Vienna is held back by the thought that a very large part of the Hapsburg dominions bears the name of Hungary. The name is used loosely to denote every Asiatic enemy who from time to time has threatened the integrity of European civilization—Huns, Arabs, Turks. In this latter sense it is especially favored by the Kaiser's people, whose patriotic poets have drawn parallels between the great battle of 451 near Châlons, in which Attila was done for, and the battle of the Masur Lakes, in which von Hindenburg did for the Slavic hordes about two months ago. Thus, while the British use Huns as a sign of temper, the German nation characteristically imparts to the name a philosophico-historical significance. To be sure, the practice involves certain ethnographical difficulties. The battle of Châlons was fought in France; where is the appropriateness of the citation in a German mouth? So we must remember that the inhabitants of France in 451 were Franks and Goths—in other words, Teutons. If the Roman Aetius took part in the battle, the fact is overlooked in the heat of polemic. Actually there is a great deal of nonsense about this claim of one European nation or another to have served as the bulwark of western civilization against the Asiatic peril. At any rate, the Teutons are in no position to assert a monopoly. If one recalls rightly, it was a Visigoth—that is, a Teuton—by the name of Count Julian, who invited the Arabs into Spain. Historians now generally admit that it was the Byzantines—a race whom German patriot historians of the Houston Stewart Chamberlain type particularly despise—who did valiant service on the European frontier against the Saracen and Turk for a thousand years. It was a Slavic peril by the name of John Sobieski who shattered the Turkish power at the gates of Vienna. And Turkey to-day is a good friend of the Kaiser. Why drag in the Asiatic?

The dispatch from Petrograd that the Czar has assured the Russian Union of Abstinence that he "long ago decided to interdict for all time in Russia the sale of alcoholic drinks by the Government" scarcely means that one-seventh of the habitable globe will pass under permanent prohibition. Various measures, it is true, have stopped the sale of liquor in Russia since the war began; and Count Witte, uncompromising foe of the Government monopoly, hails the Czar's announcement as meaning that "naturally after the war is finished these measures should be developed in the direction of permanent prohibition." That radical steps will be taken to limit the consumption of alcohol is certain, for the Government showed months ago that it had taken to heart the evils growing out of excessive drinking. But to talk of absolute prohibition is to forget that drinking has for generations had its hold on the population, and that the taking over of control of the distilleries in 1895 was with the object of checking it. That object was forgotten, and the output of the distilleries has increased more than 10,000,000 gallons in the last five years. The best method of slowly bringing the liquor trade under control is probably that suggested by Count Witte: the abolition of the Government retail shops in favor of a careful license system, with the retention of Government control over the distilleries, so as to limit their operations.

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BLUNDERING GERMAN PROFESSORS.

To the unbiassed it is plain that Germany has suffered grievously since the beginning of the war in her reputation as a seat of wisdom and the abode of scientific inquiry into the truth of all matters. To all who have profited by her learning and the instruction of her great teachers, this is a sorrowful thing. But it is precisely the German teachers of to-day who are producing a most unpleasant impression on this side of the water in their efforts to win American public opinion for their cause. Nowhere is there any evidence of a desire to undertake an unbiassed investigation of facts; nowhere proof of a philosophical examination of recent occurrences. Logic is thrown to the winds. We are treated to a flood of rhetoric and of unsupported statements. The assertions of the Allies are flung away as unbelievable, because they are from the Allies; the assumption being that the Germans alone are capable of telling the truth in this crisis, and that from the rest of the world there comes nothing but falsehood. The failure to deal with the fundamental moral questions from a detached, ethical point of view may be the inevitable result of the wave of patriotism that has swept over Germany, but it is none the less amazing. The world had a right, it seems to us, to expect better things, even if it could not hope for calmness in such a national crisis.

It really seems as if some of the professors who have rushed into print to defend Germany's cause are doing it quite as much harm as the enemy. Take, for instance, the appeal "To the Civilized World," published by ninety-three German *savants*, which has just reached us. Some of the most distinguished names in Germany are signed to it —Eucken, Haeckel, Fulda, Humperdinck, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Lamprecht, Kaulbach, Dörpfeld—every one notable in his field. Yet the appeal itself is discreditable to their intelligence, and is certain to react against their cause. We waive the fact that the English in which it is couched is grotesque, with merely one citation: "The iron mouth of events has proved the untruth of the fictitious German defeats, consequently misrepresentation and calumny are all the more eagerly at work." But their statement is marked by total absence of logic. Thus they state that "it is not true that we trespassed in neutral Belgium. It has been proved that France and England had resolved on such a trespass, and it has likewise been proved that Belgium had agreed to their doing so. It would have been suicide on our part not to have been beforehand."

Thus in the first sentence they deny what they admit in the last. As for their assertions in regard to France and England, no proof whatever is offered, or has been offered, from any source. The worst that we have discovered is the fact that England and France had planned how they would act if Germany did precisely what she has done. To say that it was a violation of neutrality for England and France to plan in advance how, if necessary, they would perform the duties put upon them by the treaty establishing Belgian neutrality is to insult the intelligence. But granting, for the sake of argument, that the contention is true, what does it boil down to? That Germany violated a law because some one else was going to. If anybody was going to murder Belgian neutrality, she was going to be first at the job. What a shocking position for moralists, for teachers of ethics and religion to assume! They had much better fall back openly upon the highwayman's argument used by the German Chancellor that he preferred the law of necessity to that laid down in a "mere scrap of paper."

Next we are told by our ninety-three men of light and leading that "it is not true that the combat against our so-called militarism is not a combat against our civilization, as our enemies hypocritically pretend it is. Were it not for German militarism, German civilization would long since have been extirpated." What are we to think of all the German teachings of philosophy and religion, if this is true? What kind of civilization is that which rests only upon force, and how valuable is it going to be in the long run? "Have faith in us," the appeal concludes. Faith, yes; but how can we have faith in their judgment hereafter? We could cite many similarly astonishing utterances from professors that have come direct to this newspaper, in which men of international reputation accept as facts matters for which no proof whatever is offered or can be offered. Were they to carry on their teaching or their scientific researches in any such manner they would be promptly expelled from their chairs.

But it is not only the professors in Germany who are injuring their cause. The British Government might well petition for Professor Münsterberg's release from Harvard, with the stipulation that he devote all his time to writing and speaking for Germany. There is Prof. Kuno Francke, of Harvard, too. Only a few years ago he was writing books showing a complete hostility to Kaiser, bureaucracy, and militarism. Now Germany in his eyes is almost beyond criticism. Then there is Prof. Eugen Kühnemann, an exchange professor from Breslau. In an address in Boston, the other day, his assertion that Germany ought not to have violated Belgian territory, but had to do it, called forth laughter from his audience and a pointed remark from the chairman as to the professor's irrationality. To this the agile professor promptly replied that "Americans did not seem to understand that life was always irrational"! That Americans could only hope to understand Germany if we were situated in America as Germany is in Europe was another of his contentions. In this crisis our learned German friends seem to fail to understand that the American is a reasoning animal who can recognize a logical absurdity when he sees one, and knows how to differentiate between an assertion and a fact. Germany, says Professor Kühnemann, is "very much satisfied with the state civilization has reached within her country"; and he adds, "German militarism is the concentrated power of self-defence against a world of enemies." Might her learned men not now take time to inquire whether all is well with a civilization that surrounds itself with a world of enemies?

THE CENSORSHIP ABROAD.

That the British censorship of the war news has reflected credit neither upon the intelligence of the officials nor upon their reputation for fair play is daily becoming more and more evident. It has plainly been controlled chiefly by a desire to conceal from the rest of the world the extent of any German successes, to blacken the enemy's character as much as possible, and generally to win the aid of public opinion in the United States by any means available. The censorship may not be responsible for a deliberate falsification of the official German dispatch of September 11, which was brought specially to our attention; but if it is not, this merely transfers the blame to the newspapers which printed the dispatch, or to the news association which supplied it. We have reason to believe that the German press is justified in asserting that this is not the only case in which official dispatches have been altered to German disadvantage. Major Redway, in the London *Globe*, has charged that "we must learn to look upon the manufacture of mendacities during the war as a heroic attempt to keep us going in the absence of truth." Mr. Herbert Corey, correspondent of the New York *Globe*, last week flatly charged that British censors were forging dispatches, and states that Hilaire Belloc

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is protesting in a weekly journal that the censorship is steadily misleading the British public.

That the British reputation for manliness and square dealing towards an adversary is thus much impaired, is one of the saddest facts about the war. Englishmen have always been held up to our youth as model sportsmen; now it appears that when they enter into a great war they take unfair advantage. That the British public itself would never approve of this policy, we are certain; but thus far British protests have naturally dwelt much less upon the dishonorable side of the censorship than upon its stupidities. Of these there are no end. Thus Mr. Asquith's first recruiting speech was not permitted to cross the ocean save fragmentarily, on the perhaps correct, but none the less amazing, ground that it might hurt Great Britain abroad. Of course, being printed in full in London, it was in Germany in forty-eight hours and in New York a week later. Asquith's speech in Dublin announcing the arrival of the Indian troops that day, Mr. Corey declares, was permitted to be printed in Ireland, but not in England! Some of the official German dispatches were suppressed, so that the United States should not be aware of the truth, the censors being sublimely ignorant of the fact that the same dispatches were being received here daily by wireless.

Again, when the Associated Press filed the news of the Pope's note to the Cardinals urging upon them prayers for peace, it was at first suppressed, and then only a few lines permitted. The excuse for suppression was that if the millions of Catholics here and elsewhere learned of the Pope's desire for peace, it might interfere with the conduct of the war! The stupid half-pay colonel who so ruled is to be thanked for thus making it clear how antagonistic militarism is to the Church; but he resembled the proverbial ostrich. He quite forgot that mails from Italy reach this country. The censor in London apparently thinks, too, that we are not receiving the German newspapers as antidotes to his poison. He was for a long time not aware that the liberties he was taking with the Associated Press telegrams were being checked up here by the simple device of sending to New York the dispatches as filed with the censor. The discovery of any garblings or omissions was thus very easy. We sincerely hope that, in justice to itself, its members, and the reputation of American newspapers for honest reporting, the Associated Press will soon see its way clear to publishing the exact facts for the information of the American public, which has suffered by this London narrow-mindedness and folly. That conditions have improved the last few days is, it is to be hoped, a sign of a realization that wars are not to be won by misrepresentation or by permitting the other fellow's alleged atrocities to be dwelt upon while your own doings are suppressed.

That any ideal censorship could ever be worked out, we very much doubt, for it is founded on suppression, deceit, and concealment; but there are instances in which it has worked well. The difficulty lies in the censor's inevitable tendency to drift from things military to things political, as is the case in England to-day. In France, too, there has been grave complaint that the Government has erred, as in 1870, in not being frank enough with the public. The *Journal des Débats* has recently protested at the almost complete suppression not only of news, but of intelligent discussion of the military situation. In England it is suggested that the initial lack of popular interest in the war was due to the scarcity of news from the front. It is a fact that our own newspapers seem fuller than those in London, despite our remoteness. At any rate, it is difficult to keep men excited to the point of offering themselves for slaughter if there is no more thrilling news than the statement that on the twenty-seventh day of the Battle of the Aisne the British army was getting well-accustomed to digging trenches. In Germany, they have had a strict censorship, but have given daily official bulletins, which on the whole have proved trustworthy and bear no marks of a deliberate intent to deceive, though they very often suppress when things go badly, or at least try to palliate. Their correspondents in the field are, however, grumbling, as are their *confrères* in France and England. But the German Government does allow full discussion by experts, and some of these are usually highly illuminating.

ELECTION FORECASTS.

Both the New York *Sun* and *World* printed on Sunday elaborate forecasts of the results of the election next Tuesday. They relate chiefly to the control of the next Congress. That this will be retained by the Democratic party is conceded by both of the estimates. It will undoubtedly retain the Senate, probably increasing its majority there by two or three votes. But it is equally certain that the overwhelming Democratic preponderance in the House will be reduced, the only question being by how much. In the present House the Democrats have about 160 majority over the Republicans. But this was plainly in consequence of the highly exceptional conditions in the voting of 1912. The Progressive split allowed many Democratic Representatives to slip in who could not hope to be returned this year. But even with a reverting to something like normal party divisions this year, it would be an enormous task for the Republicans to win as many as eighty seats, which they would need to do in order to be in control of the next House. Neither of the forecasts admits the possibility that they can do it. A Republican gain of from fifty to sixty members is the best that can be done, according to these calculations. And they are borne out by the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, who states that "conservative estimates" at the capital indicate that the Democrats will control the next House, though by a "substantially reduced majority." An averaging of the various guesses would give the Democrats a majority of from 25 to 50.

We ask no credence for these or any other figures. Carrying elections on paper and in advance is a harmless amusement, but does not beget certitude in the cautious mind. Too many beautiful election forecasts have been wrecked by the unfeeling event. What interests us in these attempts to read the book of fate is less the exact details—which are, obviously, of the kind that can be altered while you wait—than the methods of reasoning employed. These may seem to be less elusive than the figures given, but we are not sure that examination will show them to be so.

The first great postulate is that the Progressive vote is to vanish like the Cheshire Cat. Only by presuming on its virtual disappearance can the Republicans even pretend to hope that they will be able to capture the next House. But there are several uncertainties in this reckoning. The Progressives are not, indeed, everywhere active, yet in several critical States they are doing a good deal of campaigning. They may succeed in casting sufficient votes in a few closely contested districts to prevent Republican candidates from winning. It is the avowed aim and hope of Col. Roosevelt to "prove to the Republicans that they can't win"; and enough of his followers may be imbued with his spirit to make it certain that the Republicans cannot win at least the next House. Furthermore, the Republican prophets all take it for granted that all who voted the Progressive ticket two years ago, and who have since made up their minds to abandon that new-party movement, will

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throw themselves into the welcoming arms of Republicans. But this does not necessarily follow. Not a few Progressives of 1912 were originally Democrats; and if they now "go back," it may be to their old party fold. And it is highly probable that many former Republicans who voted for Roosevelt two years ago will now, if they are to change party allegiance once more, quietly vote in support of President Wilson. It is easy to see how either one of these suppositions as regards the effect of the Progressive vote—much more, all of them together—may vitiate the election tables printed before the election.

Then there is another element of great uncertainty, as it affects the minds of voters, though the preëlection estimates deal with it as if it were absolutely a known quantity. We refer to the European war. It seems to be generally accepted as the salvation of the Democratic party. The Republicans say they are certain of it. But this may mean only that, in the event of Democratic success, they will say that they would have whipped the other party out of its boots but for the war. The process of thought, if such it can be called, is set forth at length in the *Tribune*. Four months ago, everything looked rosy for the Republicans. Times were not good, and the country was getting ready to give the Wilson Administration a severe rebuke at the polls. But then came the war to make business conditions "still worse." At that moment, however, the people altered their attitude. That they did so "illogically," the *Tribune* admits; but the melancholy fact is that all the trouble caused by Democratic legislation was at once swallowed up in the immensely larger troubles due to the war, and then general sentiment attributed the whole to "influences beyond the control of the party in power." Ergo, the party in power is not to be punished. Ergo, Republican hopes wither. Ergo, the war was a life-saver to President Wilson.

This little anticipatory essay in divining the popular heart is so confident as almost to carry conviction—especially as its conclusion goes counter to the political desires of the newspaper that produces it. And there are undeniably many surface indications in confirmation of it. We know that Democratic candidates for Congress are appealing for votes, less on their own merits than to support President Wilson. And in so far as this appeal is based on the feeling that the President stands for peace, has thus far kept this country out of war, and may yet obtain for the United States a leading rôle in securing peace in Europe, its force cannot be questioned. But the fact remains that nobody can predict what will occur on November 3. The very absorption of the people in the war has prevented political sentiment from declaring itself so plainly as it often does. The campaign has been rather spiritless; the registration does not imply keen interest and the result is more than usually on the lap of the gods.

AGE AND YOUTH IN POLITICS.

Col. Roosevelt spoke in Ithaca last Thursday, and the venerable ex-President White of Cornell paid him the compliment of going to hear him. A dispatch to the New York *Sun* gives this detail of their meeting each other:

> "I wish you were in the fight with us," said the Colonel. "You ought to be, for you stand for what is right and decent."
>
> Dr. White smilingly shook his head and remarked: "You will come back."

Mr. Roosevelt presently took occasion to declare in his address that he would "never go back," casting a meaning glance towards the wings of the stage where Dr. White was sitting. He added, characteristically, that what has to take place is that the Republican party must come forward. This leaves the situation, in our opinion, one in which a little skilful manœuvring could overcome the difficulty. If the Colonel were to march off obliquely—not "back," of course—and the Republican party would edge forward on a bias, the two might be surprised to find that they were together again.

That a kind of pathetic significance attaches to this passing encounter between Andrew D. White and Theodore Roosevelt, the dullest must feel. Long friends—still friends in everything but politics—their public ways have parted. Dr. White stands for the Republicanism of the old school and the best type. In the days of his political activity he was as forward-looking a man as Roosevelt himself. He was eminently the scholar in politics. With sufficient independence, he yet managed to work with his party, serving it and being honored by it. Now he is an old man. His age is eighty-two. Col. Roosevelt is—well, never mind what the year-books say, he is eternally a young man. He is one of Lowell's "incurable youth." So that the meeting between him and Dr. White was one between age and youth. In the act Col. Roosevelt showed how young he is by vehemently using the word "never." An English political sage has said that no one but a very young man will use the word "never" in politics.

Passing beyond the two persons in question, may it not be said that this exchange of greetings at Ithaca symbolizes the political forces that have wrought party estrangements? It would be absurd to denounce Dr. White as a reactionary. He is not that any more than Col. Roosevelt is, at heart, a Jack Cade. But the two stand for different ways of looking at public questions, and for different methods of attaining their desired goal. The contrast is not precisely that between the conservative and the radical. It is rather a question of temperament and attitude. On one side, we have the veteran of many a hard political fight, earnestly wishing to hold fast to that which is good. On the other, we see impatience, impetuosity, a certain touch of recklessness, insisting upon cutting loose from the past and making all things new in a day. Embody these two tendencies in thousands and tens of thousands of people, and do we not get pretty close to a good explanation of the splitting away of the Progressives from the Republican party?

The whole story is not told by adding up the years of a man's life. It is undoubtedly true that men incline to be more conservative as they grow older—though they might say that they were content with the triumph of the radical ideas of their youth. Mr. Bryce has spoken humorously of a Radical Club which was formed in England some fifty years ago. Every one of its flaming agitators that lived any length of time became a fine old crusted Tory. But the rule does not always work that way. Gladstone was a stern and unbending Tory until he was fifty. Then he became Liberal, and successively took up such novel political doctrines, down to extreme old age, that he came to be called the "Old Man in a Hurry"—in a hurry, that is, to revolutionize England before he died. It is not the calendar, but the spirit, that signifies. If Theodore Roosevelt lives to be eighty, can anybody imagine him warming his shrunk hands by the fire while he discourses on the degeneracy of the times and the inconceivable folly of upstart boys setting out to reform the nation?

Obviously, the hopes of any political party for the future must be pinned to its young men. It was long the boast of the Republicans that they were steadily attracting the pick of American youth. There was a decided break in this tendency in 1874-76, when there was such a turning of young men in our colleges and elsewhere to the hope of needed reforms through the Democratic party. Grover Cleveland won even

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a larger following from this class than did Tilden. The Progressives have taken great and justifiable pride in the large proportion of young recruits who rallied to the Roosevelt banner. But if youth is ardent and aspiring, it also has a kind of impatience that easily lapses into instability and fickleness. Often it cannot face and endure the prolonged struggle. It wants short-cuts to victory; and if they are nowhere in sight, it is apt to fall away. And the ominous shrinkage in the Progressive registration and vote, all over the country, together with the lists of open desertions of the party, now so extended, indicates that the spell over the young men is being broken. The thoughts of youth are, indeed, long, long thoughts, but the thought of 1916, possibly 1920, with the leader steadily aging, is evidently a bit too long.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

A series of sketches which the humorist, Ian Hay, has been publishing in *Blackwood's* under the above title, has more than anecdotal interest to those who can see in the boy the father of the man. The spirit of the English public schools has been the theme of energetic quarrelling; but between Rudyard Kipling, whose "Stalky & Co." our own Roosevelt denounced as brutal, and Dean Farrar, whose "St. Winifred's" and "Eric; or, Little by Little" touch depths of bathetic priggishness, "Tom Brown at Rugby" strikes a credible mean, and expresses, with books like "A Day of My Life at Eton" and Mr. Hay's sketches, what may fairly be taken as the characteristics of young Englishmen in those little republics. Mr. Hay expresses the dominant quality as a dislike for mental cleverness coupled with "worship of force of character." "It is not good form to appear deeply interested in anything, or to hold any serious views about anything, or possess any special knowledge about anything." The youth who can easily excel in sports and studies is admired, but the youth who excels by plodding is despised. There is Sparkleigh of the Sixth, for example, drunk the night before examinations, but prize-winner nevertheless. "On Sunday afternoons he would disappear upon a long country walk, ostentatiously exhibiting a cigarette case. In reality he sat behind a hedge in an east wind and translated Demosthenes." He is the man, also, who affects to fall asleep in class, but in reality is mentally pulling and polishing his Latin hexameters. Even more than he hates to seem to strive after intelligence and efficiency, the English boy hates to boast of what he has done.

These same qualities, but as real and not assumed, an American writer in the *Hibbert Journal* last year emphasized as distinguishing the mature Englishman—indifference and mental bluntness, growing out of an emphasis upon moral over intellectual excellences. It is at any rate clear that the young American's school life centres in very different ideals. The Briton calls his fellow who becomes a good cricketer by hours and hours of practice a "rotter." To the American, on the other hand, as to the Scotchman, success is far too important a thing to be jeopardized by false modesty. The competition is as overt as it is strenuous, in class and out of it. The rowing crew is assembled and practiced, under driving coaches, a year beforehand, and the football team works in field and gymnasium, night and day, until by practice it evolves a perfect combination. The American is too intent on his goal to understand the English pose, just as the English boy has a vague feeling that such pains are unsportsmanlike. This seriousness and democratic keenness of American school effort may even seem to expel all lightness and color from its life, but only to those who lack true perspective. Comradeship, love of a good time, the enjoyment of give and take, are as real in one part of the Anglo-Saxon world as in another. The American motto is simply "thorough," while the English foster passion for and pride in work silently. But there is probably a fundamental difference in the fact that the English boy has sought moral character, before and after Arnold, as much as the American has always sought a sort of business efficiency.

In some ways the spirit of school life is so identical with the national spirit that it is impossible to speak of its features as responsible for the graduate. Convention, for example, is a fixed element in the whole British social system; and no one can read Thomas Hughes without noting how strongly it checked intellectual initiative at Rugby. The most energetic character is the boy who has been identified as Dean Stanley, and it is not his mind, but his unconventional conscience and rare moral courage, that gave him energy. It is thus in school and out. The Briton minds his own business and dislikes undertaking a responsibility not his own. He is always a man who sticks to his own form; but his sense of duty is such that, like Arthur Stanley, when once convinced that a task is indubitably his, he will undertake it at no matter what sacrifice.

Chronicle of the War

The English and French critics who, rather more than two weeks ago, after the fall of Antwerp, saw the tide of German success at its flood and confidently prophesied that presently it would ebb, may, if they will, take this comfort to themselves in any event—that in a sense they are bound to win, for even should the German armies ultimately triumph the German experts, generals, and professors who wrote glibly of "the next war" will have been convicted of erroneous judgment. In the view of these experts the very cornerstone of German success in that hypothetical war was a lightning-like offensive which should crush the enemies of the Fatherland individually and before they could command their full resources. Failure to achieve this result would, according to the experts, involve failure of the German cause. Now, as we approach the end of the third month of the war, it is not too early, we think, to declare that the plan which von Bernhardi and other German military experts considered vital to success has failed. This does not, of course, mean that Germany is even within measurable distance of losing the war, but it would mean that if the German experts were right.

It may be well at this time to give a brief résumé of what has happened. After the preliminary stages of the war in Belgium, where the resistance of the Belgian army delayed the German advance for three weeks and gave the Allies much-needed time for concentration, the general advance on Paris began with the retreat of the British from Mons on August 24. By September 2 the Germans were at Creil, only thirty miles from Paris. Then Gen. Joffre launched the army of Gen. d'Amade against von Kluck's army on the German right. Simultaneously, as has since become plain, the army of the Crown Prince on the left was in difficulties. The battle of the Marne was followed by a retreat of the whole German army, lasting from September 5 to September 12, to the Aisne. The taking up of the defensive position between Soissons and Verdun may be considered to have marked definitely the termination of the first great German offensive. Desperate efforts were made at various points on the line to resume the offensive, but attacks were met with counter-attacks, and on the whole we may regard the fighting on the Aisne as having resolved itself into the maintenance of a powerful German defensive.

Meanwhile we have the caterpillar-like extension of the two lines of battle from Noyon in a northerly direction up into Belgium, the Allies making constant efforts to outflank the German right wing, the Germans constantly extending their line to keep pace with the Allied advance, and both sides ever bringing up new reinforcements. With the prospect of the Allied line creeping towards Antwerp and joining hands with the troublesome Belgian army in that city, the German General Staff abandoned altogether its original plan of a direct sweep from the Belgian boundary down to Paris, and by the commencement of the siege of Antwerp on September 28 we may date the initiation of a second great offensive movement. Antwerp must be taken as the preliminary to a dash down the coast to Ostend, Dunkirk, and Calais, and a second ad-

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vance on Paris by way of Havre, thus cutting off the direct routes of communication with England. Antwerp was occupied on October 9, and Ostend on October 15. The dash on Calais and Dunkirk was undertaken simultaneously from Ostend and from Lille. The troops from the latter place, as we recorded last week, even penetrated as far as St. Omer, twenty-five miles east of Calais. There, however, they were checked and driven back to a point between Armentières and Lille. At the same time the portion of the Belgian army which had escaped from Antwerp, supported by the guns of British and French ships, held the line of the Yser, between Nieuport and Dixmude, while the British troops on their right drove a wedge into the German line by the occupation of Roulers.

Thus the situation stands at the present time. We learned from the official French announcement on Sunday that after desperate fighting the Germans had succeeded in crossing the Yser, and the Allied line has also been bent back at La Bassée, to the southwest of Lille, but at both these points the German advance has been checked and, as we write, no further progress has been made. Experience has taught us that a line may be bent far back without breaking. According to the latest information, the Allied line in this region is something in the form of the letter S, running from Nieuport, on the west of the Yser, to Dixmude, southeast to Roulers, southwest again to Ypres, due south to a point between Armentières and Lille. From there the line curves westward again and runs through points west of La Bassée and Lens, to a point east of Arras, where it resumes its southerly course to the bend of the line at Noyon. Between the Oise and the Argonne region, artillery duels are said to have resulted in substantial gains by the Allies. There have also been interesting developments in the Woevre district. There, to the north and south of St. Mihiel, a French gain of some ten miles is reported, and we learned from Sunday's announcement by the French War Office, which has not been contradicted from German sources, that the French artillery holds under its fire the road connecting Thiaucourt, Nonsard, Bruxerulles, and Woinville. This is an important item of intelligence, for this road from Metz to St. Mihiel is one of the two lines of communication for the latter place, the other running two miles to the north. Could the French also gain control of the latter route, the German forces at St. Mihiel would be cut off. Considerable French progress is also reported in Lorraine.

It is doubtless too early to assert roundly that the second German offensive in the west has failed, but at least it has not succeeded with the rapidity which the German experts have in the past considered essential; nor does there seem to be any good ground for supposing that the Allied lines will be unable to hold approximately their present positions for an indefinite period. They are only just beginning to feel the benefit of England's resources, and France has still troops in reserve which await only equipment. The initial advantage on which Germany counted, of throwing herself fully prepared upon enemies only partially prepared, grows less with every day that passes.

In the eastern field of operations not only is there a similar lack of any quick or decisive success for German arms to be recorded, but the armies commanded by Gen. von Hindenburg have suffered a very serious setback. Indeed, all that has so far been exhibited of Russian strategy and military organization tends to reverse completely the judgment that was pronounced after the Japanese war. It has shown itself as cautious but daring, and willing to take a great risk for sake of a commensurate gain. Only once have the Russian armies been seriously defeated; that was when Rennenkampf's army was caught by the astute von Hindenburg in the Mazur Lakes region of East Prussia and barely escaped annihilation near Tannenberg, on August 29. But even then the purpose of the incursion into East Prussia, which was partly to clear the right flank of the main army from the danger of a turning movement, but principally to relieve the pressure on the Allies in France, had been accomplished, and good generalship enabled the broken troops to reform and to recover some of the lost ground by the victory of Augustowo in the week ending October 2.

Clever strategy was also displayed in Galicia, where the task of the Russian army there was to clear the left wing and to dispose, if possible, of the Austrian army. By a retreat on Lublin the Austrians were lured on to defeat there, which paved the way for a second Russian victory at Lemberg and enabled the Russians, leaving Przemysl invested, to penetrate by September 25 as far as Tarnow. So far the "jump" had been on the side of the Russians. Their mobilization had gone forward with a rapidity that had upset the calculations of the German experts. By the end of last month, however, the German General Staff had readjusted itself to the unexpected development of affairs and in accordance with the accepted principles of German strategy decided on a strong offensive in Poland. The Austrian armies in Galicia, reinforced by German troops and apparently under German leadership, were reformed and again advanced in conjunction with the huge main army that went forward from the Thorn-Kalisch line to strike at Warsaw and Ivangorod. The Russian armies fell back along the whole line, except in the north, where the position on the East Prussian border was maintained, and retreated to a battleground of their own selection on the rivers Vistula and San. Warsaw was offered, as Lublin had been, as a bait to Gen. von Hindenburg, now the leader of the Austro-German armies in the East, and his troops pressed on over difficult, marshy country, through which communications were hard to maintain, till by October 13 the left wing was within eight miles of Warsaw. There they met a tremendous counter-attack and at the same time were exposed to an assault on the rear by cavalry which had been concentrated at the junction of the Vistula and Bug Rivers. The result was a severe defeat for the centre of the German army, which by October 23 had been driven back a distance of nearly fifty miles. The Russians are, as we write, in possession of Lowicz, Skierniewice, and Rawa. The position of the German forces at this part of the line must be considered as critical in view of the difficult ground which they must cross in their retreat, and it seems probable that no stand will be made till the natural defensive line of the Warthe is reached, a hundred miles east of the Vistula.

Foreign Correspondence

THE PRESS BUREAU — AN ARCHAIC ANOMALY — THE INDIAN TROOPS — TREACHERY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, October 16.

The patience of the British public, upon occasion becoming phlegmatic, is strikingly illustrated in presence of the newly constituted, fundamentally un-British, institution of the Press Censor. Even if it were intelligently administrated the office would be objectionable. Its blunders are systematically ludicrous. To the wholesome indignation of the American press, it vexatiously delays, sometimes absolutely prohibits, transmission of costly cable dispatches conveying news that has for days been broadcast in the English press. It makes nonsense of dispatches from war correspondents hungrily picking up crumbs of news from the battlefields extracted from the wallet of wounded soldiers. Its stereotyped postscript runs to the effect that, while it does not take any responsibility for the news conveyed, it has no objection to its publication. Meanwhile the censor has moved his blue pencil all over the sheet, striking out the names of localities mentioned, including that of the correspondent's address, and obliterating whole passages at places where the narrative seems to be approaching its only interesting part.

The censor's greatest triumph has been the authorized publication of a wholly misleading account of the state of the British army just before the Allies victoriously turned upon the Germans and drove them sixty miles north and east of Paris, the censor adding a final paragraph of his own composition cleverly drawing the moral that if Britons are still determined never to be slaves they must really buck up and swell the flood of recruits. Next in succession to this great *coup* was the postponement for five days of publication of letters sent by special correspondents describing the arrival and enthusiastic reception of the Indian troops at Marseilles. What was the object of this strategy only Heaven and the censor know.

There is no doubt that this state of things, new in the history of England since the press was emancipated from the control of royalty and its parasites, is due to the initiative of Lord Kitchener. A great soldier, a born organizer of military machinery, he has the contempt for the public which finds its nearest parallel in modern times in the habitual attitude towards the public of the late Marquis of Salisbury. "What does the public want with descriptions of big battles, great achievements, and narrow escapes? I am looking after the war. Leave it to me. Occasionally when there is time and the news is safely stale the papers shall have half a column, or even a whole column, of bald facts related in a manner designed to give as little information as possible to the enemy—who, by the bye, having taken part in the affair recorded, must already know something about it."

Thus Lord Kitchener in fragmentary answer to complaints of muffling the press, depriving gallant soldiers of the just meed of praise, and, incidentally, checking the flow of recruiting, which in former times instantly responded to stirring accounts from the battlefield sent home post haste by Archibald

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Forbes, McGahan, and other famous war correspondents.

It was popularly expected that, having arrived at Marseilles, the Indian contingent would forthwith proceed to reinforce Sir John French's hardly pressed little army. In accordance with Lord Kitchener's pet policy they have since vanished into earth or air. The latest whisper is that they were at Ostend. And now Ostend is evacuated. Anyhow, it is certain that the Kaiser knows all about them and their whereabouts, just as five days before the British public were let into the secret he learned of their arrival at Marseilles. The explanation of the delay in their getting to the front given me by a military authority is the necessity for bringing their horses into condition after a long sea voyage. He assured me this process would take at least a fortnight. But more than a fortnight has elapsed since the force disembarked at Marseilles. Moreover, a large proportion of it is infantry.

The treachery of the Boer commander of British troops in South Africa, who has gone over to the enemy, taking with him some of his officers and men, brings sharply home recognition of what might have happened in South Africa upon a larger scale but for the far-seeing statesmanship of Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues in the Liberal administration that followed upon the overthrow of the ironically self-styled "Unionists." It is evident that the Kaiser's emissaries had for many months prior to the outbreak of war in Europe been busy intriguing to seduce the Boers from their allegiance to the British flag. When the proper moment arrived Col. Maritz was able to produce a warrant conferring upon him the rank of a general commanding the German troops. In his calculation of side-advantages that would assist him in his conflict with England, the Kaiser confidently counted upon revival of the Boer rebellion. Expectation has been realized in this individual case. The splendid outburst of loyalty on the part of our former enemy is response to the establishment of a state of things that Mr. Balfour passionately denounced, and which, had he at the critical time been still in office, would have been made impossible.

THE TURKS AND THE WAR—GERMAN SYMPATHIES—THE CAPITULATIONS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 30.

Will Turkey fight? I have been hearing that question, in various accents and degrees of interest, all the way from Persia to the Bosphorus. The way it was asked in Hamadan, whence I started in the fourth week of the war, made me wonder whether it would be possible to get through. For to reach Constantinople, which as the crow flies is a bit over a thousand miles from Hamadan, you have to travel nearer two thousand, through the Caspian, the Caucasus, and the Black Sea—unless you have time and money for the Bagdad route. But the Bagdad route was closed by reason of the Turkish mobilization, English ships were withdrawing from the head of the Persian Gulf, and the Turkish Consul was confidentially giving out that his people were about to occupy the Caucasus.

The Caucasus, however, as I presently had occasion to learn, is not unaware that Turkey would like to play Germany to Persia's Belgium. Not only did I myself see evidences of Russian military activity on the road to the Caspian, but Frenchmen with whom I afterwards travelled told me that Azerbaïjan was being fortified like a Russian frontier province. As for the Caucasus itself, I found it prepared to give the Turks a warmer welcome than perhaps they imagine—yet hospitable enough to a citizen of a neutral state, not unduly curious about his passport, and good-humoredly willing that he should see what he could of Cossacks bound for the Turkish frontier. They were chiefly to be seen in Batum, where the question of Turkey's fighting comes nearer home than in Tiflis or Baku. And how those Cossacks can ride! Batum lies just within the border, it has been Russian for barely a generation, and it still contains a large Turkish element. Such members of it as might be disposed to swell the armies of the Sultan were not finding it easy to get away, I was told, and there were steamers in the harbor that preferred to remain there rather than risk being held up in the Bosphorus or the Dardanelles. But two English ones left during my stay. And I myself found it possible to sail on the Italian liner which I had planned to take.

The next morning in Trebizond it was given a wandering impressionist to see something of the other side of the medal. My old friend the Turkish soldier was toot-tooting on the shore in the way known to him alone. And I must say that at close quarters he looked a very solid specimen. I did notice though that his equipment left something to be desired, especially in the article of boots. He was shod for the most part in the slippers or moccasins of his country, which are better for his feet than Government boots, but which in a campaign among mountains or in a hostile country would soon put him in a bad way. In Kerasund it was the same. In Samsun it was the same. In Inebuli it was the same. And on the fifth morning we arrived off the mouth of the Bosphorus, just behind a big French liner from Odessa, and were promptly stopped by a plunging torpedo boat. The Black Sea looked its name as we plunged with the torpedo boat in the long swell. Outcries, even tears, burst from the more apprehensive of our company, who expected to be thrown into chains or to be ordered back to Batum. As we continued to plunge, however, I wondered if the Turks might not be playing a favorite game of theirs which the French express so much better than we—of *épater*-ing the bourgeois. At any rate, I had a chance, for once, to discover the two rocky islets which gave rise to the myth of the Symplegades. I also wondered if a ruin on the European shore were the one falsely known as Ovid's tower. Then at last a tug slowly piloted the Frenchman into the Bosphorus and we followed at his heels. When I saw a sailing vessel or two beat in and out of the strait with apparently no reference to pilot or mines, I could not help asking myself whether the tug and its zigzag course were not another trick to *épater* the bourgeois.

Constantinople proved to be asking, with even greater interest than Batum, the question I had first heard in Persia. Some people find an answer to it in the omnipresent signs of mobilization. Martial law, which Batum had not yet thought necessary to declare, is in vigor. So is the moratorium. The War Office is filling its coffers, or at least a few of them, with service exemption taxes of $200 a man. And requisitioning goes gayly on. This is to the Turks an old diversion under a new name, and they practice it with a zeal which sometimes outruns military necessity. There may be reasons why Gen. Liman von Sanders, the German reorganizer of the army, should be using a motor-car taken from an Englishman, but it is less clear why the chief of police should roll through Stambul in another Englishman's car, or why the naval authorities should seize in an English shop the napery they required for a state banquet. I must say for them that they eventually consented to pay for their table linen. But there is no reason why minor military authorities should walk off with whatever happens to strike their fancy. And the major military authorities have made the great mistake of killing what little commerce still attempted to thrive. They proceeded to requisition all incoming cargoes of coal, rice, flour, sugar, salt, etc., paying for them if at all at prices below their actual first cost. The consequence is that no merchant cares to take the risk of importing further shipments, and the cost of living rises alarmingly. It is the more unnecessary because the crops were unusually good in Asia Minor this year. They are now rotting in the fields, thanks to the general mobilization at harvest time.

Another and more significant answer to the question of the day is the remarkable manner in which the Turks interpret neutrality. A story is going around Pera of a Belgian diplomat with whom a Turkish official condoled on the occupation of Belgium. The diplomat thanked the official and offered condolences in return. "But why?" inquired the Turk in surprise. "Because," replied the Belgian, "Constantinople is also in the hands of the Germans." Turkish sympathies are almost vindictively in favor of the latter, Turkish papers print none but news made in Germany, and the large German contingent in the army and the navy is daily swelled by new arrivals. Before reaching Constantinople I had imagined that the comedy of the Goeben and the Breslau had ended by the sale of the two ships to Turkey. I do not believe now that the Turks have bought them any more than they have bought the Tennessee and the North Carolina. The comedy is still on the boards, and no one need be surprised if the two fugitives open a new act of it by raiding on their own account. In the meantime they parade up and down the Bosphorus to *épater* the bourgeois. They fly the Turkish flag, but the arms of Germany are still emblazoned on their bows, and their German crews do not even take the trouble to wear fezzes. There are a few Turkish sailors and officers on board; but the admiral in command has categorically refused to increase the proportion of Turkish sailors to as much as 50 per cent., while on board the Goeben at least no Turk is allowed below a certain deck. And the agent who supplies them recently cashed in a local German bank a check for £2,000 signed by the German Ambassador. All of which looks very little as if they belonged to the Turks.

At first sight the Turkish attitude seems inexplicable to one who has been out of Constantinople for some time and who has known the old prestige of England in the Levant. Yet, after all, the case is comprehensible enough. The change began very soon after the revolution, when the new British Ambassador, Sir Gerard Lowther, who had been welcomed with extraordinary demonstrations of friendliness, refused to receive the leaders of the Committee of Union

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and Progress before he had presented his credentials to the Sultan. The Young Turks became further embittered against him during the events which preceded the mutiny of 1909, and the attitude of the *Times* towards them completed the revulsion of feeling. And the Germans were not slow to turn the situation to their own advantage. Then the part played by Sir Edward Grey in the settlements of the Balkan War, and the recent sequestration of the two Dreadnoughts on which Turkey counted so much, exasperated public opinion against England, while she and her allies, who rule so many Moslem subjects, are accounted the arch enemies of Islam. It is universally believed that the triumph of the Entente would mean the partition of Turkey. Whereas the Turks seem to imagine that the Germans have no territorial ambitions in Asia Minor. They have a sentiment, too, towards the Emperor William, who is the only European sovereign of the first rank to have visited Constantinople. Then the military and Hebrew elements of the Committee have strong personal leanings towards Germany. And those elements control not only the press but the country. So it is not remarkable that the Turks sympathize with Germany.

That, however, does not necessarily mean that they will allow themselves to be dragged into the war. In the first place, it has been a surprise to them that the Germans did not take Paris as quickly as the Bulgarians took Kirk-Kilisseh. The attitude of Egypt and India, too, to say nothing of South Africa, has been even a greater surprise, accustomed as they are to their own relations with subject territories. And a third surprise has been Bulgaria's refusal to allow them free transit into Macedonia. Indeed, there are rumors of a new Balkan understanding which make them very uneasy. Moreover, they are beginning to realize that Russia is not altogether unprepared in the Caucasus, and it has also been pointed out to them very succinctly that if they go to war with Russia the English and French fleets in the Mediterranean are in a position to inflict incalculable damage upon them. But, most important of all, they are not ready for war. They have not had time to repair the losses of their last war, and their financial prospects are not brilliant. They lack uniforms, they lack boots, they lack tents, they lack blankets—and they lack rifles. Against Greece alone they might risk a war, but hardly against the world. It is extremely annoying to Enver Pasha, who is spoiling for a fight, and who thought at first that every one else was too busy to interfere with him. In the meantime he has helped his friends the Germans not a little by mobilizing, and by closing—or allowing them to close—the Dardanelles. He thereby cuts communications, however temporarily, between Marseilles and Odessa, and he forces the Russians to keep in the Caucasus an army which might be more profitably employed in the west. Still, what with his own chauvinism and the high-handedness of Admiral Suchon, things have come to such a pass that at any moment the country may be plunged into the war.

The calling out of the army probably has reference, as much as anything, to the suppression of the capitulations. That topic of interest is the only one which can hold its own in local gossip against the exploits of Admiral Suchon and the Goeben. The event offered, of course, the best, the most characteristic, of occasions to *épater* the bourgeois. The bourgeois was sufficiently *épaté*, but he had small idea what it was all about. Several hundred such as he, belonging chiefly to the guilds of the porters and lightermen, were ordered to march with flags to St. Sophia on the 10th of September and to shout. At least that was what one of them told a friend of his and mine. The lighterman added that he thought it was to frighten the guild of the bakers, who had raised the price of bread. A more amusing story is told of a demonstrator who gave out that the procession was to celebrate the fall of Catipoulasionne. Asked what Catipoulasionne might be, he replied that it was a town in France and that the Germans had taken it. *Se non è vero . . .* ! More authentic and very nearly as good were the answers received by a diplomatic acquaintance of mine. The first Turk of whom he inquired told him that the demonstration was in honor of the moratorium, while the second treated him to the surprising news that the Italians had taken Paris.

These anecdotes are interesting in more ways than one, as showing the popular attitude towards the war and how the Turkish man in the street takes for granted the status of foreigners in his country. For the rest, if his ideas on the capitulations are a trifle vague, I doubt whether the American man in the street could give him much light on the subject. The capitulations, so called from the term applied in mediæval Latin to articles or headings, are treaties made by the Sultans with Christian countries and renewed from time to time, whereby citizens of those countries resident in Turkey were exempted from Turkish law. Their houses were inviolable, they paid no direct taxes, and in judicial matters they were subject to their own courts. This state of affairs, inherited directly from the Byzantine Empire and indirectly from all the civilized nations of antiquity, was not a privilege extorted from the Turks. It was a natural corollary of their theocratic system of government, which regarded civil and religious law as one and which considered the infidel as lying outside its pale. But with the lapse of time, the gradual secularization of law in Turkey, and the very marked change in the balance of power between East and West, the advantage of the capitulations has come to rest chiefly with their Christian signatories. What the Turks particularly resent has been the exemption of foreigners from direct taxation, the right exercised by the European Powers to regulate Turkish customs rates, and the maintenance by the six Powers of their own post offices in Turkey.

One cannot blame the Turks for wishing to rule their own house and to put into their own pockets revenues which rightfully belong there. At the same time they seem to forget that the capitulations were not treaties imposed upon them by force, but instruments to which two parties were signatory; that there are solid historic reasons for their existence, and that to abrogate all treaties with all foreign countries except Persia is to put themselves into a singularly unhappy position. Least of all do they seem to realize that to suppress the capitulations entails a revolution more far-reaching than any they have yet dreamed of. For it necessarily means the complete and final secularization of law. And it is a question whether the Young Turks are strong enough to insist against the religious element of their own people that law and religion shall once for all be separated. We enter, therefore, upon a period the most interesting in recent Turkish history. It may be that the Turks will be able to carry off their *coup*. A simple disregard of precedent has sometimes been known to succeed magnificently. In that case the end will justify the naïve and high-handed means, and Turkey will at last become an orderly state. But let the Turks take note that it will become less Turkish, for then all elements of the population must necessarily stand equal before the law. On the other hand, Europe and America will submit to no such arbitrary and unjust treatment as the Turks have hitherto dealt out to their non-Moslem subjects. Of that also let the Turks take note.

HENRY GRISWOLD.

THE AMHERST ECLIPSE EXPEDITION IN RUSSIA—IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR—A CLOUDY DAY.

KIEV, Russia, August 23.

(Delayed in transmission.)

It is easy to imagine that interest in the eclipse has taken second place. With a city full of soldiers—for Kiev is the centre of mobilization for southern Russia—science makes but a cold appeal. Soldiers occupy all public buildings, all empty apartments, and even the unoccupied rooms in private houses. Red Cross automobiles fly through the streets. All automobiles are requisitioned by the Government, and no private individuals are allowed even to buy gasolene. As I write, my ears are full of the squeak of new cow-hide boots on the pavement, the endless tramp, tramp, tramp of sad-looking soldiers. Just so they have been steadily marching past since 4 A. M.

When small boys leap fences and dash through flower-beds on the way to the Bibikovski Boulevard, we know that more prisoners of war are arriving, companies of Austrians hemmed in by a double row of Russian soldiers. Their officers are conveyed in carriages. A question that is much discussed in Kiev just now is what to do with these prisoners of war. Hordes of them coming in every day must be housed and fed. Can they be sent to help colonize Siberia, perhaps, in place of the exiles who are offering their services in defence of the country which has exiled them?

Characteristic of the kind of thing one is constantly hearing is the following incident, told by a gentleman whose estate is near the Austrian frontier. Hearing that Austrian troops were advancing in his direction, he drove off towards Kiev at full speed, four horses abreast. After twenty miles or so, a cloud of dust appeared to be overtaking him. His driver whipped up the horses and they raced madly on for miles. But the cloud of dust kept growing bigger and bigger. Suddenly a wheel of his carriage struck a rock, the carriage tipped over, and he was rolled in the ditch. When he could look up, he saw that the riders were Cossacks, two hundred of them, being pursued full tilt by at least six hundred Austrian dragoons. Just before they reached the spot where he lay, the Cossacks spread out in a single line, two hundred more Cossacks apparently rose out of the earth, where they and their horses had been lying concealed. They surrounded the Austrians, and after a few moments, of six hundred Austrians only sixteen were able to ride away. One imagines one has killed a Cossack. He may fall from his horse, but he will come up again on the

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other side. A Cossack is armed with rifle, pistols, sword, and a leather thong attached to a stick, with a piece of lead at one end. With this deadly weapon he can rip up a fur coat at a single stroke.

Having occasion to go to the station last night, I saw the trains of dumb-looking cars with red crosses which had just returned from the frontier. They must have been more or less suggestive to the soldiers piling into the long train about to leave for Austria. Into each empty car climbed forty soldiers, and one second-class wagon was full of officers. They are dressed like the soldiers; only their epaulets indicate their rank. All were singing, even hurrahing, and they lifted their caps with a smile as they passed under an arc light.

In the middle of the night one can see trams full of cartridges being silently taken from one place to another. It is reported that the street-railway company is constructing specially designed cars for transporting the wounded from the station to the hospital —a grim comment on the number they expect to accommodate. The wounded are brought in mostly at night—sixteen hundred and fifty yesterday—these cold, clear nights of full moonlight. People meet them at the station and take them home in carriages. The University has been turned into a clinic. Red Cross flags are flying from half the houses, wherever wounded are being cared for. The jolly crowds in the streets are subdued to the rhythm of soldiers' feet. Young girls study the theory of nursing, though they may not yet be allowed to practice. The Red Cross is admirably organized here. The house of the Governor-General is the centre of the sewing-bees where scores of ladies are measuring out cloth, whirring on Singer sewing-machines, and giving garments already cut out to all sorts and conditions of women who volunteer to sew them up. When they are finished, they are done up in bundles and Red Cross wagons take them away. Anybody can help, though the services of dressmakers, who find it a dull season, are perhaps more acceptable than those of ardent ladies who sew up the garments hind-side-foremost. They have made seven thousand garments in ten days, coats and trousers open on the sides for the wounded. But they confess to being somewhat appalled by an order just received from St. Petersburg for 850,000 more.

As for the eclipse itself, in Kiev and the vicinity, the sky was cloudy and all expeditions were a complete failure. Professor Todd viewed the eclipse from Smela. His instruments had miscarried on account of the congestion of traffic caused by the mobilization, but he was able to rig up some jury instruments, and in Smela totality was shrouded in thinner clouds than elsewhere, so that, of six exposures made by Professor Todd, varying in time from one-half second to two seconds, four turned out fairly well, showing a good deal of detail of the inner corona. Unexpectedly the sky was clear in Norway and Sweden, across the Baltic Sea, in Riga, and as far south as Minsk. From Minsk to the Crimea it was almost totally cloudy, the precise section of the track which had best chances of being clear.

One interesting comment was that of a peasant, terrified at the approach of totality. He declared that an Austrian aeroplane was causing the damage—a somewhat modern phase of primitive superstition!

MILLICENT TODD.

Brown's Celebration

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.

As seventh of the nine pre-Revolutionary colleges in the order of foundation, Brown University has just paused to reckon up its inheritance and to renew its notes of obligation to the future.

This occasion, lasting from October 11 to 17, was, in the judgment of benevolent critics, peculiarly successful in giving well-rounded expression both to the early and to the developed ideal of Brown in its relation to all phases of public and private life. Historical data, both colonial and post-Revolutionary; the purely academic side; the drama, music, art; varied forms of social intercourse; the popular spectacle in the guise of parade and pageant, athletic contests, and folk-dances by school children, found their place in due proportion. And all this was preceded, as was fitting, by exercises emphasizing the religious basis of the University's foundation.

Three of the formal ceremonies took place in the stately and beautiful First Baptist Meeting House, built, as the records show, in the year 1775, "for the public worship of Almighty God and also to hold commencements in." The first commencement celebrated there took place in the year 1776.

The President of the University, in opening the festival with the University sermon, struck the keynote that was to pervade the whole celebration by his own "catholic and liberal" treatment of his theme. The unique charter of Brown University, as he showed, forestalled sectarianism by the catholicity of its allegiance to religion. The charter states: "Into this liberal and catholic institution shall never be admitted any religious Tests; But on the contrary all the Members hereof shall forever enjoy full, free, absolute, and uninterrupted Liberty of Conscience." Commenting on the charter, Dr. Faunce said: "Many colleges have obtained this freedom with a great price, but Brown was free born." The priority of Brown in blazing the pathway of religious liberty was, it may here be noted, generously emphasized by President Lowell and Mr. Taft, speaking for Harvard and Yale respectively, at the University dinner, which closed the celebration.

The Sunday sermon was followed by specific religious addresses on Monday. Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Long Island, spoke in Sayles Hall on "The University and the Christian Ministry," and Dr. Horr, president of the Newton Theological Institution, on "The University and Christian Missions." At another session President E. Y. Mullins, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; President Isaac Sharpless, of Haverford College; President J. M. Thomas, of Middlebury College, and Bishop J. de W. Perry, of Rhode Island, discussed the educational history and ideas of their respective denominations. This feature of the programme was arranged because of a remarkable provision of the charter devised by the founders to exclude the possibility of sectarianism. In accordance with this the board of trustees consists of representatives of the four sects—Baptists, Quakers, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians—recognized in the early colony.

Three productions, open only to invited guests, were given of the first play performed in New England, "The Provoked Husband." For this a special setting, "In Colony Times," was written, making it a play within a play, which dealt skilfully with local names and events of the period. This admirable production was a distinct contribution to the tone of colonial reminiscence that pervaded the celebration. On Tuesday evening a torchlight procession reinforced this reminiscence. Narragansett Indians, Puritans, Quakers, French soldiers and sailors, Continental soldiers and soldiers of the United States army, Revolutionary and contemporary: gentlemen of the colonial period and of the early nineteenth century, undergraduates, and a long contingent of alumni, including college presidents, professors, judges, professional and business men, all wearing brown and white caps and gowns, made up an unexpectedly brilliant pageant. On the beautifully illuminated and decorated campus the procession disbanded by old University Hall, where the soldiers of Lafayette were quartered while the whole college was absent fighting the battles of the Revolutionary war. Candles burning in the small panes of the old building spread a mellow light of antiquity, reproducing the evening, as recorded in the Providence *Gazette* of 1790, when "the President and many others took a Walk on the College Green, to view the Illumination of that Edifice, which was done by the Students, and made a most splendid Appearance."* At commencement, a fortnight later, President Washington received the degree of LL.D.

At Warren, where, under the name of "Rhode Island College," Brown University in 1764 began its career, Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, gave on Tuesday the main address in commemoration of the early colonial history of the institution.

Another feature, although technically independent of the University management, may be mentioned here. On three afternoons there was given by the citizens of Warren on the beautiful estate, Maxwelton, a pageant dealing with their local history: the Indian tribes and the early settlers; the arrival of the Welsh; the founding of Rhode Island College and its first commencement; Revolutionary episodes, introducing the King's troops, the burning of the boats, Lafayette and Washington, and other scenes.

*Cf. W. C. Bronson's new *History of Brown University*, p. 88, itself an important contribution to the present celebration.

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The remainder of Tuesday was given up to the alumni. There were various class-reunion luncheons, and, before the evening parade, a large alumnæ dinner was held at the gymnasium of the Women's College, "affiliated" with Brown University.

On Wednesday occurred the first purely academic event, beginning with the procession of the senior classes, the alumni and alumnæ, the officers of the State and of the University, the faculty, guests, and delegates, with the usual display of academic costumes and preceded by the Sheriff, according to the ancient custom, with his sword and blue sash. The exercises in the old church consisted of an historical address by an alumnus, Mr. Justice Hughes of the Supreme Court, followed by the presentation of delegates. The address was an adequate presentation of the facts, setting forth the rise and growth of the institution and pervaded by a tone of filial affection and of justifiable pride in the services of the college to State and nation, and in its original stand for unimpeded liberty of conscience. The address, marked by a fine restraint, contained passages of eloquent beauty. Calling attention to the fact that Brown University has not the advantage (nor, he might have added, the dangers) of State endowment, Mr. Hughes said: "The roots of Brown are struck deep in Rhode Island soil, but the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations."

The presentation of delegates produced the usual beneficent impression of academic kinship. This was marred only in part by the present severance of human relations which kept away, with one exception, the delegates expected from Continental Europe, the Royal Frederick's University of Christiania, Norway, being represented by Prof. N. Wille. From the various parts of the British Empire, however, came thirteen delegates, representing the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Edinburgh, New Brunswick, Toronto, London, Durham, Manchester, New Zealand, Wales, and Queensland. More than one hundred delegates were welcomed from academic institutions at home. Many of the delegates brought formal greetings. Two of these were read—the address from Manchester and that from Rutgers College, which was next to Brown in the order of its foundation. In addition to the delegates more than fifty specially invited guests were present from South and North America.

On Thursday morning another procession formed and a large audience assembled to hear the University address by William Peterson, principal of McGill University, and to witness the conferring of honorary degrees. Dr. Peterson, long recognized as an eloquent exponent of the humanities, had obtained in advance the good will and attention of his distinguished and composite audience. His words reinforced the duties and the privileges of sound scholarship, especially with reference to an institution holding a middle place between the largest and the smaller colleges. There cropped out in his address more than a bare reference to the European war, as was perhaps inevitable under the circumstances, although not entailed by his academic theme.

Thirty-seven honorary degrees were conferred. They epitomized the University's catholic conception of its relation to the world. Executives and leaders in science, literature, medicine, law, religion, philanthropy, diplomacy, and statecraft were included. The one woman on the list, President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, the consistent champion, at every cost, of the most exacting standards of scholarship, emphasized also, in her person, the just recognition of the affiliated Women's College. The heads of the six colonial colleges, preceding Brown chronologically, by their acceptance of degrees, renewed the bond that united them despite centrifugal tendencies. In conferring the doctorate of laws upon Mr. Taft, Dr. Faunce referred with humor to his "promotion from the White House to the professor's chair," adding with felicitous exactness, "Retiring from the one amid universal expressions of good will, and welcomed to the other by all the scholars of the land." And with words aptly spoken at a time when academic men grieve at the defection from their high calling of former co-workers to preach the propaganda of ruthless Force, he thus conferred the degree upon John Bassett Moore: "Counsellor of our Government, teacher of that international law which, when it shall have might as it has right, will establish among the warring nations an enduring peace."

Of other features of the celebration a few words only can be said here. Music was provided for by daily organ recitals in Sayles Hall and by the rare pleasure afforded by the Mendelssohn Club, which, by special exception, courteously consented to come from New York to sing on Wednesday evening. The art collections of the Rhode Island School of Design, with an especial colonial exhibit, were thrown open by the courtesy of the trustees at a reception on the same evening. On Wednesday the University entertained its guests and alumni at luncheon and at an afternoon reception, and the Women's College, quick to assume its share of hospitality, gave a charming luncheon on Thursday between the conferring of degrees and the afternoon of games and dances on Andrews Field.

Finally, the University dinner, with which the fifth day closed, seemed to many of the participants to maintain and even heighten the high tone of the whole celebration. Dr. Keen, the toastmaster, skilfully guided with urbane wit the spirit of the occasion. President Lowell, Archdeacon Cunningham of Cambridge, Romulo S. Naón, Ambassador for Argentina; R. C. Smith, K.C., of Montreal; Mr. Taft, and President Faunce, each made a vital contribution to the dignity and brilliancy of the evening.

Even yet the celebration has not ended. From November until April the University will offer a series of open lectures by distinguished foreign and American scholars.

FRANCIS G. ALLINSON.

Brown University.

Poetry

THE SUPERMAN.

The horror-haunted Belgium plains riven by shot and shell
Are strewn with her undaunted sons who stayed the jaws of hell.
In every sunny vale of France death is the countersign.
The purest blood in Britain's veins is being poured like wine.

Far, far across the crimsoned map the impassioned armies sweep.
Destruction flashes down the sky and penetrates the deep.
The Dreadnought knows the silent dread, and seas incarnadine
Attest the carnival of strife, the madman's battle scene.

Relentless, savage, hot, and grim the infuriate columns press
Where terror simulates disdain and danger is largess,
Where greedy youth claims death for bride and agony seems bliss.
It is the cause, the cause, my soul! which sanctifies all this.

Ride, Cossacks, ride! Charge, Turcos, charge! The fateful hour has come.
Let all the guns of Britain roar or be forever dumb.
The Superman has burst his bonds. With Kultur-flag unfurled
And prayer on lip he runs amuck, imperilling the world.

The impious creed that might is right in him personified
Bids all creation bend before the insatiate Teuton pride,
Which, nourished on Valhalla dreams of empire unconfined,
Would make the cannon and the sword the despots of mankind.

Efficient, thorough, strong, and brave—his vision is to kill.
Force is the hearthstone of his might, the pole-star of his will.
His forges glow malevolent; their minions never tire
To deck the goddess of his lust whose twins are blood and fire.

O world grown sick with butchery and manifold distress!
O broken Belgium robbed of all save grief and ghastliness!
Should Prussian power enslave the world and arrogance prevail,
Let chaos come, let Moloch rule, and Christ give place to Baal.

ROBERT GRANT.

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Correspondence

THE WAR THROUGH GERMAN SPECTACLES.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Germany is honestly convinced that her cause is righteous. Never since the Lord God of Hosts went forth with the armies of Israel did a great nation declare war with a clearer conscience. Germany is the coming world-Power, and her rise will elevate the world's standard of civilization, art, and commerce. She has drawn the sword in the name of Culture, and she confidently prays that God may defend the right. The Kaiser used no hyperbole when he addressed his troops in these memorable words:

> Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me as the German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vicegerent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers.

There has been nothing like it since the days of Mohammed; but, for the Kaiser and for his Germans, it is a simple statement of fact; and, if we fail to appreciate the absolute sincerity of German conviction in this regard, we shall altogether fail to understand why Belgian neutrality was violated on the 4th of August, 1914. The assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Austria's ultimatum to Servia, French and Russian mobilization; all these were merely proximate causes. The real, the fundamental reason of Germany's intervention was Germany's determination to impose German civilization on a reluctant world. Her duty, as she conceives it, is to overwhelm France, to incorporate Holland and Belgium, to break the power of England, and then, when all Europe is at her feet, to found a powerful German colony in Brazil and in the vast and fertile regions to the southward. A map of "Antarctic Germany," comprising at least these territories, has already been published, if not with the approval, at any rate with the tacit consent, of the Government. "After Europe, and especially England, has been reduced, Germany counts on the United States finding themselves isolated and unable effectively to assert the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine." "Empire or Downfall—*Weltmacht oder Niedergang.*" That is Germany's watchword, iterated and reiterated in the pages of Gen. von Bernhardi. It is a dazzling vision, a splendid ideal, worth living and worth dying for; a regenerated world under German auspices. Neither is it devoid of ethical justification. "For, observe, this world-dominion of which Germany dreams is not simply a material dominion. Germany is not blind to the lessons inculcated by the Napoleonic tyranny. Force alone, violence or brute strength, by its mere presence or by its loud manifestation in war, may be necessary to establish this dominion; but its ends are spiritual. The triumph of the Empire will be the triumph of German culture, of the German world-vision in all the phases and departments of human life and energy, in religion, poetry, science, art, politics, and social endeavor."

And how shall Germany spread this civilization of hers except by the sword? How shall she find room to expand? Must she rest content to be suffocated within her narrow boundaries while thousands of her sons are forced to emigrate and are lost forever to the Fatherland? England, unwarlike and sated with conquest, sprawls across the Old World. In the New, the United States, with their ridiculous Monroe Doctrine, have locked and barred the doors against her. Must the greatest of all the nations be satisfied with crumbs because she has come late to the banqueting hall? Perish the thought! "The whole realm of human knowledge," says Gen. von Bernhardi, "is concentrated in the German brain"; "the dominion of German thought can only be extended under the ægis of political power, and, unless we act in conformity to this idea, we shall be untrue to our great duties towards the human race." "We must not hold back in the hard struggle for the sovereignty of the world."

That is the mission of modern Germany and that the doctrine taught unceasingly in all the schools and universities of the Empire. Lord Palmerston once described Germany as "that damned land of professors," and it is still the professors who mould the aspirations of the German nation. Before and during the blood and iron age, Virchow, Treitschke, and Mommsen were the field marshals of German thought. Their ideals still survive. Their successors have never ceased to expound the doctrine that the Germans are the *Urvolk* to whom the great heritage belongs, and, even in affairs of state, their influence is not excelled by that of any other caste. Professors of divinity and history are among the favorite councillors of the Kaiser. "It is from Harnack, Delitzsch, and Pfleiderer, the theologians; from Wagner, Schmoller, and Bernhard, the political economists; from Schiemann, Meyer, and Delbrück, the historians; from Haeckel and Ostwald, the philosophers; from Zorn, Kohler, and von Liszt, the jurists, that modern, mighty, material Germany derives its chief intellectual inspiration." Schools, art, letters, the drama, even religion itself, have become "mere feeders and dependents of the dominant political system." From the cradle to the grave, the German is taught by those he reverences most that the spread of German power and German civilization is his first and greatest duty, the neglect of which would be treason to the Fatherland. And in all this there is nothing contrary to the highest dictates of an enlightened conscience. "Christian morality is personal and social in its nature; it cannot be political. Its object is to promote morality in the individual, in order to strengthen him to work unselfishly in the interests of the community." The old Machiavellian doctrine is as true to-day as it was in the sixteenth century, for surely it must be admitted by every good citizen that "where the bare salvation of the Fatherland is at stake, there no consideration of justice or injustice can find a place, nor any of mercy or cruelty, or of honor or disgrace; every scruple must be set aside, and that plan followed which saves its life and maintains its liberty."

As to the actions of the state, they "cannot be judged by the standard of individual morality." The be-all and end-all of the state is power, and, therefore, it is obvious that "of all political sins the sin of feebleness is the most contemptible; it is the political sin against the Holy Ghost." "He who is not man enough to look this truth in the face should not meddle in politics." Thus too, war, if necessary for the well-being of the state, must be waged relentlessly. War is "an indispensable factor of culture in which a truly civilized nation finds its highest expression of strength and vitality." "Without war, inferior or decaying races would easily choke the growth of healthy budding elements, and a universal decadence would follow." Πόλεμος πατὴρ πάντων. It is no exaggeration to speak of "the idealism, the blessing of war." Such are the teachings of Treitschke and of Bernhardi. Ever since the consolidation of Germany with Prussia, this "Religion of War" has been persistently propagated by the whole official and educational machinery of the Empire. In the belief of modern Germany,

> Force rules the world still,
> Has ruled it, shall rule it;
> Meekness is weakness,
> Strength is triumphant;
> Over the whole earth
> Still it is Thor's-day.

And this recrudescence of those elements in the German character which puling pacifists consider barbarous was foretold by Heine over three-quarters of a century ago:

> Christianity—and that is its highest merit—has in some degree softened, though it could not destroy, the brutal German joy of battle. When once the taming talisman, the Cross, breaks in two, the savagery of the old fighters, the senseless, Berserker fury of which the northern poets say and sing so much, will gush up anew. That talisman is decayed, and the day will come when it will piteously collapse. Then the old stone gods will rise from the silent ruins and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. Thor, with his giant's hammer, will at last spring up and shatter to pieces the Gothic cathedrals.

The prophecy has found its fulfilment in Rheims and in Louvain; but no true German will grieve for that. "In the business of war, men must not regard the massacres, the burnings." War is "divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking or any other work." Shall Germany cease to preach the gospel of German civilization for the sake of old cathedrals and palaces? Rather let her go forward to victory in the mighty name of Culture. The old stone gods have risen to fight beside her. Surely she will have her reward.

WILLIAM HEYWOOD.

Torquay, England, October 1.

*The following have been my sources:

Germany and the Next War. By Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardi. Translated by Allen H. Powles. (Longmans, Green; 75 cents net.)

Imperial Germany. By Prince Bernhard von Bülow. Translated by M. A. Lewenz. (Dodd, Mead; $3 net.)

Pan-Germanism. By R. G. Usher. (Houghton Mifflin; $1.75 net.)

Germany and England. By J. A. Cramb. (Dutton; $1 net.)

Germany and America. By W. Haggard. In the *Times,* September 22, 1914.

The Evolution of Modern Germany. By William Harbutt Dawson. (Longmans, Green; $3.75.)

Men Around the Kaiser. By Frederic William Wile. (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.25 net.)

Modern Germany and the Modern World. By M. E. Sadler. (London: Macmillan; 2d.)

Germany's Swelled Head. By Emil Reich. (London: Melrose; 1s. net.)

Why We Are at War. Great Britain's Case. By Members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History. (Clarendon Press; 2s. net.)

The Round Table. A Quarterly Review of the Politics of the British Empire. Special War Edition. No. XVI. September, 1914. (London: Macmillan; 2s. 6d.)

The War That Was Foretold. Germany and England. By Robert Blatchford. (Reprinted from the *Daily Mail*; 1d.)

The War Lord. A character-study of Kaiser William II, by means of his speeches, letters, and telegrams. Compiled by J. M. Kennedy. (London: Palmer; 7d. net.)

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"DR. GRAVES" AS HISTORIAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "The Secrets of the German War Office," by "Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, Secret Agent," is so extraordinary a book that every reader in lack of external evidence seeks for internal evidence as to its credibility. "Dr. Graves" describes himself, page 4, as one who, ever fond of study, had taken his degrees in philosophy and medicine in one of the old classic universities of Europe before reaching his twenty-second birthday; and yet this same scholar, in discussing, page 230, the importance to an army of quickness of motion, ascribes to it much of the success of *"Hannibal's campaign against Cæsar."* Are we to judge his knowledge of modern history by his ignorance of ancient?

F. Warren Wright,
Assistant Professor of Latin.

Smith College, October 9.

RUSSIA, GERMANY, AND THE BALTIC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In England we are deeply grateful to you for your articles upon the causes which have led to the present terrible war. But you have not given enough prominence to the circumstance that the semi-official press of Germany has during recent years advanced a pretension to make the Baltic a German *mare clausum*. Consider what this means. The ever-growing commerce of North and Central Russia, of Siberia and Russian Asia, if it follows the great circle, can only reach the ocean through the Great Belt or the Kiel Canal. So long as Germany controls these entrances of the Baltic, she has her clutch upon the throat of her great rival and can throttle her whenever and as often as she likes. It is evident, therefore, that if the Russians win, they will put an end to so intolerable a situation by instituting some sort of condominium with Germany over the approaches of the Baltic, and what would best please the Danes would be a powerful Russian garrison along the north bank of the Kiel Canal. After Germany's cynical violation of her own guarantee of Belgian independence, no pledge given by her to respect Russia's right of egress and ingress would suffice. She would treat it as a mere scrap of paper, the moment it suited her to do so.

German publicists during the past few weeks have denounced England as the arch-breaker of treaties and chief violator of the territory of small states. They furnish no examples, but there is a significant contrast between their treatment of Belgium now and our treatment of Portugal in the Transvaal war. Had we chosen to violate Portugal's neutrality and advanced through the harbor of Lorenzo Marques, we could have struck direct at Pretoria and have ended the campaign in a few weeks. Would modern Germany have shown the same scrupulous respect for the rights of a weak state like Portugal? I am far from justifying the Transvaal war, which I believe we might have avoided if we had set the Duke of Devonshire or Lord Salisbury, and not Chamberlain, to negotiate with Krüger; but I do maintain that in respecting the neutrality of Portugal we set an example which Germany might well have followed. The modern German, alas, imagines he has a divine right to flout and oppress the weak. I was visiting the other day the German patients in our military hospital and asked some of them what they thought of the Belgians, and this was the answer I got: "We do not complain of the French fighting us, for they are our *Erbfeinde*, and you English have a good cause of quarrel with us; but why were the Belgians so ill-natured as to shoot at us? We were not at war with them." This answer, made with the utmost naïveté, exactly renders German popular feeling on such matters. They cannot understand that any weak nation should hesitate for a moment to make itself a doormat for the Prussian heel.

Again let me express my appreciation of the stand you have made—like your President, Dr. Wilson—for the upholding of a moral standard between states and for respecting treaties solemnly made.

Fred. C. Conybeare.

Oxford, October 6.

BERNARD RICHARDSON GREEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A distinguished figure has dropped out of the activities of Washington with the death of Bernard Richardson Green. His tall, spare form, gentle dignity of bearing, strong features, and firm but kindly eyes, made him a marked man in any assemblage, and his character and career, familiar to the great body of his fellow-citizens at the capital, amply accounted for the esteem in which they held him. A native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University in the class of 1863, he was one of a small group of young engineers whose services the Government requisitioned at that stage of the Civil War for the construction or reconstruction of its fortifications on the New England coast. This employment brought him into contact with the engineer officers of the army, and thus largely shaped his future, for thenceforward he remained associated with their corps almost as closely as if actually a member of it. No higher tribute could be paid to his professional competency or his personal tact than the fact that these exacting critics were continually summoning him to assist in the solution of some especially perplexing problem, or to take the helm of some enterprise which had failed of accomplishment in other hands.

A notable instance was that which, in 1877, made him a permanent resident of Washington. Supervising Architect Mullett had spent himself on the State, War and Navy Department Building, and Col. Casey, later Chief of Engineers, had been detailed to finish it. Mr. Mullett's ambition to diversify the public architecture of the city had led him into the adoption of an unfortunate design, and Congress had hampered the progress of the work by requiring that it be done piecemeal. Thus the Government had become involved in contracts both labyrinthine and extravagant, and matters were in a seemingly hopeless muddle when Col. Casey called in the aid of Mr. Green. His grasp of the situation was so masterly that, by revising a specification here, changing an order for material there, rearranging the programme of work somewhere else so that the gangs would not get into one another's way, and mercilessly cutting red tape and reducing expenditures on every hand, he succeeded in saving for the Government some $2,250,000 from the amount the building would have cost if its construction had continued on the former basis.

Another of his famous undertakings was the completion of the Washington Monument, which had languished for a whole generation, and over which a multitude of counsellors were in controversy. It appeared that not sufficient attention had been paid to the adaptation of the ground on which the unfinished pile had stood for so many years, for sustaining the weight of a stone shaft 555 feet high. Some advisers urged the abandonment of the original plan, and the capping of the Monument at the point it had then reached, or with only an inconsiderable addition. Others pleaded for the razing of the work already done and the rearing of a new monument on a better site. Brought into consultation at this juncture, Mr. Green suggested a device for inserting under the existing structure a new concrete base of such solidity that nothing short of a convulsion of nature could disturb it. His plan was bold, and not without its serious elements of peril, but it proved entirely wise and practical. With laying out the surroundings of the shaft, also, Mr. Green had a great deal to do; so that to-day the Monument owes largely to his cleverness both its structural strength and the æsthetic effectiveness of its approach.

From the Monument he was almost immediately called to the chaos at the new Library of Congress. The design had been made and remade, altered and touched up so many times, and Mr. Smithmeyer, the architect, had had to submit to so much interference from Congress and its agents in his long struggle to get the thing started, that a thorough reorganization had become necessary. Mr. Pelz, formerly a partner of Smithmeyer, superseded him as architect, and the responsibility for the construction as a whole was committed to Gen. Casey, who refused to touch it unless he could have a free hand. This pledge given him, his first act was to summon Mr. Green, for whom a position was soon specially created, with the title of Superintendent of the Library, and he continued to fill it till his death. In this case his triumph over political contractors and material-men was as noteworthy as in his first department building experiment. Setting a day when Congress might look for the finished edifice, and an outlay to which he believed it could be held down, he carried out both promises, and even turned back a little money to the Treasury.

The incidents here cited are only a few of the more colorful in a career crowded with interest. Not only do a half-dozen fine public buildings in Washington bear testimony to his resourcefulness and good judgment, but his fame spread abroad so that he was subject to appeals from all over the country for advice in local emergencies. In spite of his incessant activity, which in the presence of a problem treated sleep and meals as negligible items, he cherished throughout his life a love of music that found expression in the promotion of artistic enterprises of some magnitude in Washington.

Had it been left for Mr. Green to tell his own story, it would never have been told, for no more modest man has been known to Washington within the memory of the present writer. The loss the American people have suffered in his death will not be generally realized till some fresh exigency arises demanding for its settlement a combination of expert technical skill, incorruptible honesty, and an administrative efficiency amounting to positive genius.

Francis E. Leupp.

Washington, D. C., October 24.

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Literature

A SHAVIAN CLEOPATRA.

The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. By Arthur E. P. Brome Weigall. With maps and illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Charles Oman, in an entirely praiseworthy attempt to dim the halo which a school of imperialistic historians has thrown around the head of Julius Cæsar, spoke of him as ready to lapse, at the age of fifty-four, into undignified amours with "a clever and worthless little Egyptian princess." The passage only proves that, however well Mr. Oman understood the defects of Cæsar, he had never really comprehended the significance of Cleopatra. Various writers have made more or less serious efforts at the problem, but few really interested readers, one imagines, would admit that its difficulties have been satisfactorily solved.

That such a result is to be found in the volume of Mr. Weigall, no careful student will expect after reading the few pages of his Introduction. He is going to give an interpretation of events almost entirely new, we are informed, and admittedly open to discussion; but so far as concerns specific reference to original evidence on which alleged new interpretations are based, in the way of footnotes or otherwise, "the sooner this kind of jargon of scholarship is swept into the world's dust-bin the better will it be for public education." Any reader, he tells us, who doubts his interpretation "may easily check my statements by referring to the classical authors." These, we are assured, may be found in any big library, and consist of Plutarch, Cicero, Suetonius, Dion Cassius, Appian, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and a baker's dozen more, to whom he adds a few modern names, notably not including the volume of Adolf Stahr and the discriminating treatment of Cleopatra in Gardthausen's "Augustus und seine Zeit." Of course, it is nonsense in Mr. Weigall to suggest that "any reader," or even one reader in a hundred, could apply any adequate test as to how accurately his book is based upon these authorities when specific references to the original passages involved are given only spasmodically, and even then with no apparent concern for relative importance. It is, of course, open to any man to publish his views on Cleopatra or any other ancient character for popular reading without providing the apparatus necessary to a feasible test of those views. When he pretends, however, to be upsetting the work of previous scholars, and then girds at the only really available means by which any considerable number of his possible readers might test his views, he comes perilously near to putting himself out of court before his case is fairly opened.

Mr. Weigall's Cleopatra, at the time of her dramatic secret introduction into the presence of Julius Cæsar, is simply "an unmarried girl of some twenty-one years of age against whose moral character not one shred of trustworthy evidence can be advanced," a harum-scarum little thing, happy-go-lucky, a dare-devil even, irresponsible, and so on, but, be it carefully remembered, with nothing really bad about her. This simple-minded little innocent, Cæsar, with his long and varied experience in the arts and wiles of a wicked world, immediately proceeds to lead astray. All this of a daughter of the Ptolemies, heir of the social and moral traditions of Alexandrian court life, at the remarkably tender age of twenty-one years. There is far clearer insight in Gardthausen's delicious summing up of that fateful night when, wrapped in a rug for concealment, she was carried into Cæsar's presence and the bundle unrolled before his astonished eyes: "Sie kam, er sah, und sie siegte." No, the confiding little innocent, cruelly betrayed by the practiced seducer, is no more the real Cleopatra than is Oman's "clever and worthless little Egyptian princess."

It is not worth while to follow Mr. Weigall through point by point and indicate where he seems to be plainly wrong, probably right, or simply questionable in his deductions. We must protest, however, against a method of "reasoning" which may fairly be symbolized thus: A was possibly B, and there is no trustworthy evidence that B was not C: therefore A was indisputably C. It would be hard to find a book of serious intent in which "must have been," "might have been," "possibly," "probably," and other such symbols of lack of evidence are so persistently made the cornerstones of imposing structures of alleged certainty. Even in a single sentence one finds a *possibility* that Cleopatra, when she met Cæsar, had already gone through a formal marriage with her brother in accordance with the provisions of their father's will, a *high unlikeliness* (in spite of well-known custom to the contrary, be it added), that this was anything more than the emptiest formality, and finally an *entire absence of any reason to doubt* that she was still unwedded.

In chapter vii, "must have beens," strewn almost as thick as poppies in a Sicilian wheat field, lead up to the conclusion that this young queen, but recently so tender and unsophisticated a victim of Cæsar's seductive art, became so perfect a persuader in her turn that the whole idea in Cæsar's mind of a world-empire, with himself at the head, was of her instigation. When Cæsar undertook to reform the Roman calendar he decided, "very probably at the Queen of Egypt's suggestion," to invite some of the Alexandrian court astronomers to his aid, and out of this probability, within a dozen lines, it becomes "not without interest to recollect that but for Cleopatra some entirely different set of months would now be used throughout the world." In the author's mind Cleopatra was of the purest Macedonian Greek, to the very core. He is quite sure that she spoke of the Egyptians of the interior as "confounded niggers," and also that everybody in Rome "must have known that she had not one drop of Egyptian blood in her veins." This pugnacious certainty forces one back to the fact that her own father was but an illegitimate scion of the Ptolemaic line, the composition of whose blood can hardly be safely analyzed in the absence of evidence, to say nothing of earlier marital vagaries among the Egyptian Ptolemies.

The goal to which Mr. Weigall comes in the end is that Cleopatra's ambitions, awakened after her harum-scarum, happy-go-lucky, dare-devil, irresponsible, unsophicated days had closed, finally had their realization in a government in which what we commonly call Roman Emperors were, so far as the consciousness of Egypt was concerned, primarily Egyptian Pharaohs, ruling certain oversea dominions centred in a river called the Tiber. And if Cæsarion, her son by Julius Cæsar, failed to get his rightful inheritance, the claims of legitimate descent were at least fairly met by the fact that Augustus and his line went back to Julius through legal adoption. All this is interesting, but the reader who wishes an adequate conception of Cleopatra, really a great and accomplished woman, will go rather to writers who have more respect than Mr. Weigall for careful historical method.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Revolt of the Angels. By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. New York: John Lane Co.

Philosophic pessimism is here expressed in impious persiflage, and political satire in a fantastic burlesque. The author conceives the guardian angels of men infected, in wandering about the pavements of Paris, with a divine discontent, throwing off their allegiance to Ialdabaoth, the Most High, assuming mortal vices, and plotting here a revolt against Heaven in which their bomb-making activities cause the police a good deal of perturbation. If they are prudent, their leader, Arcade, remarks, they cannot fail to take Ialdabaoth by surprise. "He foresees everything, but in order to leave us our free will he acts towards us absolutely as if he foresaw nothing. . . . The obligation which he has undertaken, to reconcile with his prescience the liberty of both men and angels, throws him constantly into inextricable difficulties. He never sees further than the end of his nose. He did not expect Adam's disobedience, and so little did he anticipate the wickedness of men that he regretted having made them." Neither the victory of the fallen angels nor their defeat would satisfy M. France's doctrine of the negative tendency of all things. His rebellious archangel falls into a dream, in which he images his triumph, and perceiving that it would but put a new God in Heaven and a new Satan in Hell, while the condition of mankind remained the same, chooses to remain below. Here at least he can complete the emancipation of humanity from its old deity. The non-supernatural aspects of the book are two:

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an ironic handling of the Minister of Justice who would so manipulate a discovery of the angelic bomb-making as to procure for himself the reputation of saviour of the Republic; and a disagreeable stripping of the social vices of certain Parisians whom the guardian angels in their original function attended. The translation, as in the others of this series, is correct enough, but gives little sense of the felicity and delicacy of Anatole France's prose.

The Lone Wolf: A Melodrama. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

That very active and versatile and still young performer, Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, has, after his single excursion into realism, returned whole-heartedly, or at least high-spiritedly, to that land of romantic adventure in which he has made himself a popular guide. Up to this time he has written, according to his own classification, one novel, eight romances, and three extravaganzas. The subtitle of his new story seems to knock at the door of a fourth category. He uses the word melodrama, we suppose, not to belittle his work, but to place it. A melodrama is a deliberately conventional form of moral romance. Character in black and white, atmosphere in cloud and flame, action vainly struggling with the mandates of poetic justice—these are chief requirements.

It is now recognized that much skill is needed to employ this form at its best. Mr. Vance's story is really too slight to fit the term. It differs little from several of the earlier tales which he calls romances. Its general tone is of adventurous comedy. Its chief claim upon the august name of melodrama would lie in the conversion of the hero and the confusion of the villain and his accomplices, and an attempted infusion of serious "heart interest." The hero, to be sure, would have been disqualified as such in old-fashioned melodrama, by his profession; but we have got beyond the point of expecting heroism to set out from virtue. Many recent plays of the kind (for example, "The Master Mind," which has recently scored so marked a success) adopt the crook frankly as a new type of hero.

"The Lone Wolf" is understood to be the greatest and most mysterious member of the under-world. He operates in both continents, where his methods are recognized, but his identity remains unknown even to members of his own profession. He has magical skill in opening safes without cracking them. The real beginning of the action finds him returned to Paris from a sensational *coup* in London which has put him in possession of some famous jewels belonging to a Parisienne. Scotland Yard is in pursuit; and at the same moment "the Pack," an organization of criminals more properly known as the "International Underworld Limited," identifies him as "the Lone Wolf," and attempts to force him to membership in their order.

The adventures that follow are neither more nor less plausible than is necessary in this kind of fiction. A great many thrillingly absurd things happen in rapid succession. A certain novelty lies in their happening after the "Lone Wolf," having met a girl, determines to reform. She is nurse to the consumptive Bannon, arch-villain, and the leader of "the Pack." Not until the very end do we discover that she, as well as Bannon's secretary and attendant demon, is in the pay of Scotland Yard. She remains our heroine by resigning to become the wife of the Lone Wolf, who by that token is lone and a wolf no longer. The fatal weakness of the tale as melodrama is that this gentleman of crime and mystery is from the outset simply that good-humored and athletic and harmless young gentleman who has figured as hero in so many of Mr. Vance's blithe yarns.

The Presentation. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Co.

Whatever the highways or byways, we are generally pleased to have met Mr. Stacpoole. This time it is in the Paris of Louis XV. The "Presentation" is, of course, that of the royal mistress, which Choiseul, backed by the whole Faubourg St. Germain, is straining every resource to prevent. The "hairdresser" conspiracy is on, and the arrangements for stealing the favorite's coach, gown, and coiffeur are well under way—when the Comte de Rochefort intervenes. Mr. Stacpoole's Rochefort is possessed of all the virtues and recklessness of his position, a punctilio which is no less effective for being somewhat *vieux jeu*, a sense of honor intelligible even to us of a feebler age, and a sturdy common-sense which, in the end, extricates him from his troubles. Involved in his adventures is Lavenne, an agent of the Minister of Police, who, while investigating the death of the King's dog, Atalanta, uncovers the villany of Comte Camus, and exposes his whole bag of tricks, especially a poisoned rose—this in defiance of the latest scientific opinion. Then there is Ferminard, the best actor and the worst dramatist in Paris, who, impersonating the Comtesse de Bearn, presents Du Barry to the King. Last, but not least, we have Javotte, a servant of the Du Barrys, who stands between Rochefort and his foes—not forgetting the aforesaid punctilio—loves him devotedly, though at first hopelessly, and, in the end, is carried off as his wife to the country and "people who know how to value worth." We are not telling the story—which indeed has mostly been told before, though not all in the same book. What is original about it is largely in the telling and in a certain daintiness of touch which Mr. Stacpoole has made peculiarly his own.

Big Tremaine. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The proud Southern gentleman of the old school, the prouder Southern matron, the faithful black mammy, the noble old estate now far gone on its way to the hammer, the fair and high-spirited daughter of the South, the hero under a cloud—these are among the familiar and, as it begins to seem, almost inevitable materials of Southern romance. Miss Van Vorst's handling of them is neither perfunctory nor inspired. In one respect at least she varies from the formula—the hero's cloud does not consist in his quality of poor white or Yankee. But, alas! he belongs to that order of hero who has deliberately blasted his life by shouldering the crime of another. Very recently "The Wall Between," of Mr. Ralph D. Paine, has given us opportunity to rub up our ancient acquaintance with him. That paladin of marines undertook to protect the name of his dead father by sacrificing his own future. "Big Tremaine," as a boy, has done the same kind of thing by his brother. Let us examine the curious ethics of this typical romantic situation. The brother is a thief and a hypocrite, but he is his mother's favorite son. He is also about to marry the girl to whom Tremaine himself has been secretly engaged. He has stolen ten thousand dollars in cold blood, and is perfectly willing that his brother stand the blame. But it is understood to be a noble thing for the good brother to sacrifice himself for the bad, in order that two women may be fooled into a false idol-worship. The worthless brother has learned his superficial lesson. He becomes a judge, and remains the idol of his mother, though his wife sees through him. Then he dies, and the black sheep of the Tremaines, who has won distinction and wealth in South Africa, returns to rescue the family estate, to win his mother's respect and love in spite of her, and in the end to be altogether rehabilitated, with the special premium of the hand of the only girl he has ever really loved. That he is chiefly a fool who has paid the penalty of his folly is far enough from the mind of the creator of that strong, dark, taciturn, mysterious, altogether heroic male, Big Tremaine. Apart from its inherent absurdity, this story has merits of detail beyond the customary romance of the type.

THE ARGENTINE.

The Amazing Argentine, a New Land of Enterprise. By John Foster Fraser. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50.

The development of our commercial relations with Latin America has received a tremendous impetus since Germany, our closest competitor, has perforce withdrawn from the field. The newspapers are full of "articles," but they contain such elementary information regarding possibilities for trade in South America that one surmises a very large number of Americans have only recently waked up to its existence. Fortunately, during the last few years far-sighted publishers have foreseen just such a demand for information, and books, particularly on the Argentine, have been fairly plentiful. Mr. Fraser's is one of the best, if not the best, that we have seen. Using for illustrations very good and somewhat unusual photographs, the author has taken the trouble to place them so that they illustrate the text.

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Mr. Fraser is an experienced traveller, and has breadth of view, keen power of analysis, and a ready pen. He is perfectly willing to see both sides of the shield. The Argentines most hospitably entertained him, as they do so many other visitors, but he was not blinded by their banquets, nor did he feel placed under obligations to overlook their defects. His one idea is to give a faithful picture of this marvellous country which, thanks to its rich soil and good climate, seems destined to have an even greater growth in the near future than it has had in the past.

Here is Mr. Fraser's picture of the Argentine citizen:

He has no pride of historic race. When he makes money and visits Europe it is not to find the ancestral home in Spain or Italy. It is to have a good time in Paris. . . . The Argentines are a dignified people, keen, alert, successful, ostentatious, pagan—a people that has a destiny and knows it. . . . There are Argentines, who would be offended if refused the name of gentleman, who think it excellent sport to walk in the Florida in the evening and mutter obscenities to every unprotected woman who passes. Buenos Aires is the most immoral city in the world. . . . Ostentation is one of the stars of life in the Argentine. Appearances count for everything. You must have a motor-car, even though you have not the money to pay for it. . . . Argentina is a land without ideals. Religion is at a discount, and as yet nothing worthy of the world's note has been produced in art or literature. There is no national conscience. It is a country for money making.

As regards the attitude of the Argentine towards the Monroe Doctrine, Mr. Fraser is very frank and fully alive to the real situation, which a recent distinguished American traveller has tried to gloss over. The Argentines believe, says Mr. Fraser, that

the Monroe Doctrine is but a design to permit the United States to become the ruling factor in American higher politics, if not to extend her sphere of authority the entire length of the continent. . . . Both in Argentina and Brazil, when I conversed with public men, I was given to understand how deep-seated is this dislike of the United States.

There is annoyance at the manner in which President Woodrow Wilson has lectured the Latin Republics of America for granting concessions to European syndicates for the development of their countries. . . . This over-lordship, this placing of the Latin Republics in a position of tutelage to the great Republic of the north, is denounced and repudiated by every Latin-American public man.

Mr. Fraser believes that the Argentine attitude towards foreigners may be summed up as follows:

They accept the English because in round figures five hundred millions of British capital in gold have aided in developing the country. They dislike the citizen of the United States because the big brother Republic of the north patronizes them, and they need nobody's help. They have a contempt for all other Latins beneath the Isthmus of Panama, particularly the Brazilians.

The Argentines probably will not like this very frank and keenly observant Britisher, but he has succeeded in writing a thoroughly satisfactory description of their country. And it is highly significant that in his closing chapter he is able to say with conviction:

Having some acquaintance with the great business countries of the world, I say unreservedly that if I had a son, and intended to put him into commerce in the hope of his making a fortune quickly, I would have him taught Spanish and send him to South America.

THE ISLE OF OPPORTUNISM.

Democracy in New Zealand. By André Siegfried. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

M. Siegfried's resemblance to De Tocqueville is unmistakable. De Tocqueville, to be sure, was expansive and stately, while Siegfried is succinct and familiar; but there is the same calm judgment, the same excellent sense of proportion, the same keenness in noting the metes and bounds of the forces under survey. While it cannot be said that, taken for all in all, they are of equal authority, one need have no hesitation in pronouncing "Democracy in New Zealand" a memorable production.

Though written nearly ten years ago, it appears now for the first time in English. Mr. E. V. Burns has made an agreeable translation, and Mr. William Downie Stewart, of Dunedin, New Zealand, contributes an admirable introduction. When M. Siegfried visited New Zealand the late Mr. Seddon was still, to all appearance, in the zenith of his power—the idol of the small holders and workingmen. Under his leadership the Liberal-Labor coalition seemed to have found the secret of political immortality. The workers were content to merge their political identity in a party which yielded them all they demanded. As practical men they realized that, while they remained merged in the Liberal party, their influence was, perhaps, all the greater because the exact strength of their vote was unknown, and that, as their success was conditioned by the support of the rural class, it would be a blunder to exchange a bird in hand for two in the bush. At the present time the Labor party is in process of being organized as a distinct political party. One branch of it is distinguished by the very characteristics which M. Siegfried noted as being almost entirely absent in the make-up of the New Zealand worker—that is, class-consciousness and the espousal of revolutionary Socialism. The other branch represents the trade unions in their political capacity: its members are, in fact, Fabians.

Yet, when everything is said, time has not impaired the value of this work. It still gives us a "profound insight into the spirit and character of the New Zealand democracy, into the constitution of political parties, and into the attitude of New Zealand towards Imperial problems." It pictures the New Zealander in his essentials. He has not carried his European atmosphere to the Antipodes; he is unmistakably a "colonial," he talks of the mother country with a contemptuous pity; yet the dormant Englishman is still there. At one moment, as circumstances impel, he throws ancient traditions to the wind; at another, he shows himself a lover of ancient forms and established hierarchies, "more than half a snob," and in his way almost a conservative. English at heart, environment has made him a thoroughgoing opportunist of cynical caste.

Ten years ago M. Siegfried said that the absence of revolutionary ideas was striking. In view of the I. W. W. propaganda, culminating in the great strike of some months ago, this is not quite true to-day. But in the main the statement holds good. New Zealanders have pushed the application of Socialism farther than any other people, but M. Siegfried contends that it is not Socialistic doctrines which inspire them. The English, and *a fortiori* the New Zealanders, have nothing of the theorizing of the French, or the dreaminess of the Germans. They reck little of general ideas and great principles. It is true that occasionally, when talking for effect, they will invoke pompous formulæ, but without attaching much importance to them, and simply because they make a good show on programmes and in speeches. The truth is that they have not enough vigor of mind to draw up a reasoned and coherent basis. Even if they could, they perhaps would not do it, for they do not feel the need. More than any one, they have the art of taking questions successively, and they are only interested in solving them as they arise. It is needless to ask whether the working classes of New Zealand, in dictating the laws which have made the colony unique in the eyes of the world, were Socialists, communists, collectivists, or anything else. They had recourse to the state, not in virtue of a conscious creed of state intervention, but because, being masters of a parliamentary majority, they could do exactly as they pleased with the state. They surrounded themselves with laws protecting labor, not for the pleasure of the thing, but because they desired to get for themselves as good a place in the sun as possible. Thus government became, in the opinion of every one, a special providence.

Seddon died in 1906. His party continued to hold office until 1911, when it was disastrously crippled, the final break-up occurring in 1912. Its place has been taken by the party that was in opposition when M. Siegfried visited New Zealand. But the downfall of the Liberal-Labor Government was not wholly due to the departure of Seddon. Even before his death the small landowners and the workingmen, the double basis of his power, were gradually tending asunder. The small landowners were growing prosperous and conservative, and the workingmen were being seduced by the success of the Independent Labor Party in Australia. Moreover, the general trend of public opinion was changing. There was a more or less conscious desire to call a halt and make a valuation of the results that had been secured.

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The change in public opinion since M. Siegfried wrote the work before us has perhaps been most apparent in connection with the Arbitration Act, which in recent years has not been so effective or so universally esteemed as it was ten years ago, and the question of land nationalization, which has also assumed quite new aspects. But if by reason of these things the people of New Zealand no longer feel the same confidence and self-assurance in legislative panaceas that M. Siegfried attributed to them in 1904, there is nothing to show that, as a whole, they are less opportunistic in spirit. We can perhaps get no better inkling of the trait which M. Siegfried seems to think most distinctive of the New Zealanders than the remark of a workman discussing immigration: "There is a cake to be divided; let us be as few as possible when the division comes." We suspect, too, that to their cynical opportunism may be traced their "Yellow Peril." The moral danger from the presence of the Chinese is what the New Zealanders, like the Australians, are most inclined to place in the foreground, and M. Siegfried thinks that this is no mere pretext to hide the ill-feeling with which a disturbing and dangerous competition fills them. Yet he adds that by the side of the moral danger there is an economic danger, "which causes much greater alarm in Australasia." He thinks that the Englishman who said that the Chinaman was hated as much for his virtues as for his vices was not entirely wrong. The Chinaman is too successful, and that is the principal grievance against him. In the cynical words of a Wellington baker before a commission of inquiry: "We all know that the Chinese are a very industrious race, and that is just why we are against them."

New Zealand was the first Australasian colony to give women the right to vote. This, we are told, was entirely a matter of chance, of circumstance, and of personalities. The feminist movement, without having any deep roots, sprang up almost suddenly, and, it might be said, to the astonishment of everybody. It would be labor thrown away to search for fundamental reasons going to the very heart of things; for Mr. Reeves himself, who, if any one, holds a brief for the New Zealanders, says with cruel irony: "There are no doubt excellent reasons for giving women the right to vote, but these are not what determined John Stuart Mill." M. Siegfried's view is that New Zealand came across a group of men and women determined to realize the idea of woman suffrage, who, after a few unsuccessful efforts, at last managed to overcome the indifference of the many and the opposition of the few. While this may not be called opportunism, it certainly is its twin-brother.

We glimpse the same feeling when we study New Zealanders' attitude to Australian Federation. Though their supreme satisfaction with themselves has no doubt had a great deal to do with keeping them out of the Federation, there is reason to suspect that their decision has been based largely on the economic consideration, Will it pay? The working class, whose word was law when the subject of union with the Australian states was broached, asked, "Will this scheme result either in increasing wages or in lowering the cost of living?" The farmers, the merchants, the manufacturers, likewise viewed the matter from the point of view of their individual interests. With equal decision they all rejected the idea of federation.

In striking contrast to this distrust of Australia is the unlimited confidence which New Zealand has accorded to England. For the latter she has reserved all her devotion, all her favors, all her gratitude. In this attitude, which is spontaneous and sincere, sentiment coincides with interests; and we should entirely misunderstand the New Zealander if we did not see in him under his colonial varnish a real Englishman in race, in heart, and in mind. Such was M. Siegfried's estimate of him ten years ago, an estimate which the events of the last three months have fully justified.

Notes

Little, Brown & Co. announce for immediate publication "What Germany Wants," by Edmund von Mach.

"The River," by Ednah Aiken, will be published on Saturday by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

McBride, Nast & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The Captain of His Soul," by Henry James Forman.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the publication this month of a volume containing four plays by Sir James M. Barrie, "Pantaloon," "The Twelve Pound Look," "Rosalind," and "The Will."

The Century Company announces for publication next month "Design in Landscape Gardening," by Ralph Rodney Root; "The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Period" by H. G. Bourne, and "Abroad at Home," by Julian Street and Wallace Morgan.

Mr. William Roscoe Thayer is preparing the authorized life of John Hay, for the American Statesmen series. He will be grateful if any persons who have letters of Secretary Hay will communicate with him. Address, 8 Berkeley Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The Folio American State Papers (Foreign Affairs), which ceased in 1828, have fair indexes; and an index to the annual diplomatic correspondence, which begins in 1861, has been published. The period between these dates, however, has been without such guide. The first step towards filling the gap is taken by the publication of Part I, A to H, of an index to our documents relating to foreign affairs from 1828 to 1861. This section is a huge volume of nearly 800 pages by Adelaide R. Hasse, chief of the public documents division of the New York Public Library. It is published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The thoroughness of the plan that has been adopted for the Index is indicated by the statement that, in addition to the entry of every paper and also of its writer, every subject handled in this mass of material is listed, even when this means several entries for a single paper. The entire collection of items is arranged in one alphabet, in the manner of the ordinary library catalogue, but the arrangement of individual entries under any head is, as one would expect, chronological. The usefulness, not to say need, of such an index may be judged from the fact that the entries under a topic of so recent and important discussion as "Clayton-Bulwer Treaty" fill more than eight columns.

"The Woman's Who's Who of America" (American Commonwealth Company; $5 net) is a compilation full of surprises. There is, on the one hand, no name so distinguished that one may be sure of finding it, and, on the other, none so obscure that one may predict its omission. A cursory examination reveals the following absences: Grace Ellery Channing, Mary Antin, Elsie Clews Parsons, Anne Morgan, and Lizette Woodworth Reese; while at the same time many of those who are enrolled appear to have achieved fame by merely being graduated from a college. For all that, the book is useful, whether regarded as a book of reference in the ordinary sense or as something like a national directory of club and college women.

If the report is true that familiar histories are usurping the place of fiction in popular favor, a corresponding appropriation of methods would be natural. Memoir-making, as a rule, addresses itself pretty frankly either to lovers of gossip or to lovers of romance. The chronicler in this kind who does not leer is prone to ogle. The writer of "Old Court Life in Spain" (Putnam; $2.50 net) adopts an almost voluptuously romantic style. What she has to write about is not really "court life" in the common and alluring sense. She has simply taken the most striking figures and incidents out of old Spanish history, and dressed them in fustian. Her style is the sentimental-exclamatory: "How great is Spain! How mighty!" she begins. "From the rugged mountains of the Asturias, their base washed by stormy waves, and the giddy heights of the Pyrenean precipices—an eternal barrier between rival peoples—to the balmy plains of the South, where summer ever reigns! A world within itself, with a world's variety!" Her anecdotes, which range from the sixth century to the sixteenth, are cast largely in the form of dialogue—such dialogue as would not have shamed Amadis of Gaul or the great Don himself. That, for example, is an eloquent scene between Bernardo del Carpio and Alonso the Chaste. Bernardo is anxious to learn who his parents are:

"Great God! whence am I sprung? The very beasts have dams that suckle them, and is Bernardo alone deprived of the common claims of nature?"

No answer came from the king, no sign, no yielding. Bernardo's question had struck him to the quick.

"As you pray for mercy, sire, speak one word," urged Bernardo, the trembling of his lips telling what he suffered. "Are father and mother dead?"

"Both to me," was the stern answer. "The mortal spark of life can never reanimate the soul dead in sin. Question me no more, audacious youth. And think not, because my blood runs in your veins that I will favor your ambition. Rather have I called in the stranger to occupy the throne. Now you

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know my mind. Were I dead, my spirit would stand as with a flaming sword to shut you out."

"Then sweeter far than life and honour and glory come death!" exclaimed Bernardo, throwing up his arms. "From this day I am a desperate man. My sword is to me the staff of life, bloodshed and carnage the food on which I live! Come now over the grey heights of the mountains the Frankish host, and I will meet them as never mortal did his country's foes!"

If there are readers whose souls do not echo to this strain, the book is not for them.

Richard Curle, the author of "Joseph Conrad: A Study" (Doubleday, Page; $1.25 net), who has written two volumes of tales and a book about George Meredith. is more zealous than discreet. His facts, he says, have Conrad's authorization; and a list here set down of Conrad's ships and the books inspired by them, is said to have been "scribbled from Conrad's dictation." Nevertheless, we suspect that Conrad's personal connection with the book and its author may have been of the slightest, limited, very likely, to a casual "interview" or so. It is impossible to believe that the author of "The Mirror of the Sea" has deliberately encouraged the critical assiduities of an admirer so injudicious. To begin with, his facts are very few. If there were anything which readers of Conrad might have been grateful for, it would have been a filling in of that tantalizingly fragmentary outline of the novelist's life afforded by his two volumes of reminiscence. Mr. Curle affects to think this a matter of small account. He rehearses very briefly the familiar items about Conrad's life at sea, and dismisses the twenty years that have followed his retirement from the sea with the remark that "from henceforward his life is mainly the history of his books, and does not concern us." In truth, what really interests this commentator is his commentary. He has a high sense of the importance of his task. He begins with the assumption that little or nothing of value has been written about Conrad, and that it remains for himself to reveal a master to the world. Further, he thinks Conrad is comparatively little read, and that most people who read him misunderstand him. "It seems to me," he laments (or exults), "that the really poetical and thrilling things in Conrad are largely ignored, and that they are ignored because most of the critics are upon the 'wrong tack.'" Mr. Curle's proposed office is to set these false critics right by supplying a true criticism. This is a perfectly respectable thing to attempt; unluckily the author goes about his work in a manner both bumptious and patronizing. It is one thing for him to put his fellow-critics in their places, and another for him to pat his idol on the back; we get the impression that he is really trying to boost Conrad! As for the substance of his criticism, it offers little that is either fresh or sound. Striking it is in spots, in the paradoxical manner of the passing hour. For the rest, Mr. Curle has an irritating habit of calling attention to the importance of what he is about to say, proceeding to utter something perfectly clear and obvious, and then lamenting that he has probably been talking over the reader's head: "I know I put my case roughly. Such impressions are often only highly sensitive reactions and as such write beyond positive proof. A parrot cry is easy to lay hold of, but a mental attitude is like a will-o'-the-wisp." As nearly as we can make out from this book, Conrad is an unsuspected genius, a master of English style, a realist, a romancer, a psychologist, a pessimist, remarkable for his atmosphere, his irony; and so on. And Curle is his prophet.

The third volume of Kluchevsky's "History of Russia," translated by C. J. Hogarth (Dutton; $2.50 net), covers the period from the extinction of the old dynasty in 1598 to the beginning of the reign of Peter the Great in 1689. The admirable qualities of Kluchevsky's work have already been commented on in the *Nation* (October 2, 1913). In his treatment of seventeenth-century Russia the topics that will most interest western readers are the development of serfdom, the rise and fall of a primitive sort of Parliament in the Muscovite state, and the gradual penetration of European ideals into that state. Unfortunately, the translation of this volume is no whit better than that of its predecessor. Two quotations from the first chapter will illustrate the extreme caution with which Mr. Hogarth's version must be used. Of the following sentence it is hard to make even sense:

New Europeanised Russia was, for four or five generations, a Russia merely of Guards' barracks, Government offices, and country houses; the latter leading to the first and the second through an easy course of scions through native schools or exotic *pensions*, whence she received, in exchange, retired brigadiers in uniform (p. 8).

The original, though clumsy, is at least clear:

New Europeanized Russia was for four or five generations a Russia of guards' barracks, government offices, and country houses of the gentry: the last [the country houses] guided their young lads to the first and the second [the barracks and offices] by means of an easy transforming process [literally, distillation] in native [literally, home-grown] schools or exotic *pensions;* and in place of these young lads they received back from them [the barracks and offices] retired brigadiers in uniform.

In the following passage Mr. Hogarth not only obscures but reverses the sense of the original:

But before that accession came about, the Muscovite Empire experienced an upheaval which shook it to its foundations, and gave the first, and a very serious, check to the onward march of the ideas of which the majority of State orders built upon the extinction of dynasties stand most in need (p. 13).

Kluchevsky's words are as follows:

But before that accession came about, the Muscovite Empire experienced a terrible shock, which shook its deepest foundations. This also gave a first and a very painful impulse to the movement of new ideas, ideas that had been absent in the state order built up by the extinct dynasty.

The resemblances between the Babylonian and the Hebrew myths and ideas have often been described. What Prof. Morris Jastrow proposes in his "Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions" (Scribner; $2.50), as he explains in his preface, is to set forth the differences between them. This point has not been ignored by other writers, but Jastrow's treatment is more detailed than is to be found elsewhere. The volume shows admirable mastery of the material; the analyses and interpretations of the Babylonian mythical stories are particularly interesting. Four points are selected for comparison: the story of creation, the Sabbath, the life after death, and the ethical standard. In these, the author holds, though the two peoples began with about the same mass of myths and religious and moral conceptions, the Hebrews finally passed far beyond their neighbors in elevation and religious effectiveness of thought. As the Babylonian national life was extinguished by the Persian conquest in the sixth century (B. C. 539), and the subsequent religious career of the people is a blank except in the elaboration of the astrological-theological astral cult, comparison between them and the Hebrews as to other conceptions can be made properly only in the period ending with the conquest; we do not know, Professor Jastrow observes, what Babylonia might have accomplished if its national development had not been violently interrupted—it was the group of great prophets (a body unknown in Babylonia) that established in Israel the conception of a moral government of the world—only, Yahweh's care was confined to Israel, the welfare of other peoples was not considered.

In the two histories of creation in Genesis we see, says Jastrow, how far the Hebrew view, under the influence of ethical monotheism, diverged from the earlier conception common to the two peoples. In the first chapter of Genesis particularly, the one God, quite divorced from physical phenomena, accomplishes creation, not as an artificer, but by a word—he is a spiritual being. As for man, his rôle, according to the Hebrew, is to have dominion over the lower animals; a Babylonian inscription declares that he was created to worship the gods. Dr. Jastrow thinks the Hebrew the nobler conception: but the Babylonian may have in mind that the cult of the divine Powers is the most important thing in life, and that man's task is to be its custodian. The remarkable Hebrew development of the Sabbath is clearly brought out by Jastrow. This day, originally a lunar period (the day of the full moon), a time of transition, it is here called, of doubt and danger, when the favor of the gods was to be sought, was divorced from lunar changes in the later Jewish period and transformed into a season of rational religious devotion—an epoch-making step for the organization of public and private religion. The future life had no attraction for the old Semites, Babylonian and Hebrew; the historical question is when the doctrine of ethical immortality was adopted by the latter (it is first distinctly stated in the first century B. C. in the book of "Wisdom," and, as some think, in Ps. xlix and lxxiii). Dr. Jastrow regards it as a natural evolution of Jewish thought, helped on by Persian and Greek influences. Finally, as to the ethical development, the ethical codes of Babylonians and Hebrews were virtually identical, the divine Powers favored moral goodness, and the blessings sought were chiefly national and physical; but in the later Jewish writings we have a more definite sense of sin, desire for moral purity, and the hope of spiritual communion with God. Scattered throughout the volume are illumining expositions of customs and ideas, the whole forming a picture of the pre-Christian Semitic religious life; note, for example, the discussions of the pessimism of Gen. iii and the skepticism of Job and Ecclesiastes. The ethical idea finally reached by the Jews, says Jastrow, was perfection of character as the end of existence.

As a manual for college use "A History of Philosophy," by Frank Thilly, professor in Cornell University (Holt; $2.50), possesses two important advantages over any other work of available size: it is more encyclo-

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pædic as a whole and more systematic and complete in its exposition of individual philosophical theories. But it suffers from the defects inevitable to so comprehensive a plan in that the treatment of many minor writers is too summary to be very illuminating, while the greater philosophers, notably Plato and Aristotle, hardly receive adequate interpretation. There are some defects, also, that are not inevitable. As a piece of exposition, the book is no more than a good example of mechanical work. Although the writer intends to consider the thinker as well as his times, his point-by-point analysis hardly takes account of the personal motives and conflict of motives, such as the conflict of considerations presented by the complex relations of form and matter to Aristotle and by Berkeley's subjective and objective idealism, which give unity to the very contradictions of a philosophical system and make it personally intelligible. And the style is rather colorless and loose. Thus "the scholars of the church found in this basal conception [realism] a splendid *buttress* upon which to rest their entire intellectual and ecclesiastical structure" (168). Only a pragmatist could say (365) that Puffendorf "introduced natural law into Germany." It is a little disturbing to find Socrates replying to a quotation from Ovid, and prosaically false to think of Plato's *Eros* as the "love of truth." There is a notable rise in vigor both of style and of thought at the point where, as a conclusion to the "History," the author appends his admirable address before the Philosophical Association in defence of rationalism.

For the moment our interest in American achievements on the Isthmus is almost entirely overshadowed by our concern in matters transatlantic. It is doubtful whether many readers will care to find the time to read "Panama and the Canal: the Story of Its Achievement, Its Problems, and Its Prospects," by Willis J. Abbot (Dodd, Mead; $2 net). We have already had a number of books on Panama, and there appears to be no particular excuse for this one. Apparently every author who has a chance to cross the Isthmus is stirred up to write and make words. It is easy to get quantities of good pictures, and after watching the laborers "make the dirt fly" and being courteously treated by Col. Goethals's polite assistants, there are few more agreeable tasks than to sit down and tell about it. It must be said in fairness that the present volume is very comprehensive and omits little which the curious reader desires to know of a voyage to Panama and what may be seen after one arrives. It is gossipy and readable, but hardly worth reading.

"Big Business" a few years ago preferred to keep as much as possible in the dark. Its ways were devious, and it had no desire to court public opinion. Evidently recent events have changed all that, for here is the first volume of a series entitled The Romance of Big Business. It is called "Conquest of the Tropics: The Story of the Creative Enterprises Conducted by the United Fruit Company," and was written by Frederick Upham Adams (Doubleday, Page; $2 net). Why Mr. Adams, who has heretofore been known to fame as the author of "The Kidnapped Millionaires" and "The Bottom of the Well," should have been selected as the apologist of the United Fruit Company, is a little difficult to see, although there may be a subtle connection here. Perhaps it was felt that a romanticist would do more justice to this colossal and well-managed enterprise than a more sober historical writer. It must have been rather hard on the novelist to have to close his book with a categorical interview with the President of the Company, but Mr. Adams's account of the President's "frank answers to my rather pointed questions" is a little bit too disingenuous. The volume is well illustrated, and ought to be widely distributed by the United Fruit Company. The most interesting part of the book is the romantic rise of Minor C. Keith, that pioneer of so many broad-minded and successful efforts to develop Central America.

Science

DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

Black's Medical Dictionary. By John D. Comrie. New York: The Macmillan Co. Fifth edition, illustrated. $2.50.

This is not a dictionary in the sense of a lexicon, but is rather an abbreviated compendium of medicine. As the author states, it occupies a position "somewhere between that of a technical dictionary of medicine and one intended merely for the domestic treatment of commoner ailments," and it is hoped that "district nurses, teachers, clergymen, and professional men generally, shipcaptains, colonists, business men, and others" may find the volume useful. To aid in this use of the book the preface is followed by a page printed in red, which gives the titles to be examined in case of accidents, drowning, poisoning, and so forth. An examination of some of these titles shows a very satisfactory treatment. Thus, "bandages" are treated in ten pages, with seventeen illustrations; under "bites," those of the dog, serpents, spiders, and smaller insects are described, and the treatment is briefly outlined. In none of the articles is much attention given to diagnosis, for, as the author states in his preface, diagnosis is a highly technical matter which lies entirely in the province of the medical man. It is difficult, however, in view of this statement, to understand why four of the thirteen full-page colored plates should be devoted to the reproduction of the rash of chicken-pox, German measles, measles, and scarlet fever, respectively. These pictures can have only one object—to aid in diagnosis without the help of a physician. This is a dangerous thing under any circumstances, but most unfortunate in the group of contagious diseases here represented, because of the attendant neglect, in the absence of a physician, of isolation and quarantine, so important in preventing their spread. Any factor which tends to discourage that exact diagnosis upon which depends rational treatment and, in the case of the infectious diseases, the prevention of disease, is to be condemned. It is doubtful, therefore, no matter what benefits may accrue to the smaller group represented by "ship-captains" and "colonists," whether the larger public is benefited by the encouragement which the book offers to "home" diagnosis and treatment. Certain it is that it would be better for "district nurses, teachers, clergymen, and professional men generally" to depend upon a physician than upon the brief descriptions of treatment offered in this dictionary.

As a lexicon the work is disappointing in its treatment of modern scientific medicine. A cursory survey shows no mention of the words Anaphylaxis, Metabolism, Purins, Chromosome, Lipoid, Hook-worm disease. Adrenalin is given, but nothing is said about its physiologic action; the few paragraphs on Immunity might have been written twenty years ago; and the treatment of Vaccines, other than that for smallpox, is most fragmentary.

It is evident that the book is not intended for physicians; it is of no value, because incomplete, to the general student who wishes an exact definition of a medical word or a description of a medical procedure, and, in that it encourages the treatment of the sick without trained medical aid, it is of doubtful value to the general public. As for the "ship-captain" and the "dwellers in remote districts," they can procure in two volumes modern scientific treatises on medicine and surgery which together total less of weight and bulk than the volume under discussion.

In the opening article of the *Geographical Journal* for October, Capt. F. M. Bailey describes his exploration on the Tsangpo or Upper Brahmaputra, the least known and most inaccessible region in the world. He succeeded in unravelling a problem which has troubled geographers for more than fifty years by proving that the tremendous waterfall by which, according to the lamas, the Tsangpo breaks through the Himalayas is non-existent. Another interesting problem, whether there are one or two continents at the South Pole, is discussed by Griffith Taylor, senior geologist to Capt. Scott's expedition. Among other results of his researches is the conviction that "between 2,000 and 3,000 feet represents the thickness of the ice-cap" that covers the land. In "Some Rough War Notes," Prof. L. W. Lyde gives a brief but clear and suggestive statement of the geographical characteristics of the various sections of the field of war.

Dr. Bukk G. Carleton, surgeon and author of many medical books, who died on October 20, was born in Whitefield, N. H., on November 11, 1856. He was educated at the Littleton, N. H., High School, and received his medical degree from the New York Homeopathic Medical College in 1876. For a year he was in the medical department of New York University. He was pathologist for the Homeopathic and Metropolitan Hospitals from 1877-81, visiting physician from 1881-95, and since then one of the hospital's surgeons, and also surgeon for the Department of Public Charities. Dr. Carleton was demonstrator of anatomy at the Homeopathic Medical College 1879-80, and had been consulting surgeon of the Hahnemann Hospital since 1897. He had been professor of medical ethics and clinical urology since 1910 at the New York Homeopathic Medical College and Hospital and visiting surgeon at Flower Hospital since 19[illegible]. He was president of its medical board 190[illegible]. Dr. Carleton had been consulting surgeon of Grace Hospital, New Haven, Conn.[illegible]

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Drama

"THE SALAMANDER."

It seems probable that in dramatizing his novel, Mr. Owen Johnson felt obliged to relinquish his original conception of the Salamander. Though on the programme of the play he is careful to state that "in ancient mythology the Salamander was a creature that could live in fire without being burned," his Dodo Baxter is something more and less than this. One fails, indeed, to see how the heroine of the novel could be transported bodily into an emotional drama. In the former she is a recognizable type, a creature akin to Robert Herrick's grafting society women, though found in a lower stratum. The Salamander is on and off the stage, acting when dire need requires and staking all on the pique of her prettiness. In return for flowers and dinners from fashionable men about town, she gives only an unfulfilled promise, and even cashes in her gifts at the firms from which they come. If she is not burnt by this haphazard play, it is because she has too many admirers at once to allow her emotions to become concentrated. However Mr. Johnson may have depicted this class in his novel, he was at least dealing in actual persons who are probably to be seriously reckoned with in a city like New York.

But in a play, because of its artistic sharpening, this particular material becomes most difficult to handle. Dodo Baxter, living in rooms with others who are true to the type of the book, stands out from them not solely because their traits are excessively developed in her, but mainly because of a difference in quality. Some of the scenes in which her three admirers visit her hold forth a promise of much intensity. Sassoon, the rich married roué, may be dismissed as one true to the demands of the novel. But Judge Massingale, who gives up wife and home to convince her of his love, and Lindaberry, whom she later marries, leave her far from indifferent, and in moments with them she becomes a weak edition of Camille, and the audience cannot, any more than her lovers, understand what she is intended to signify. This is both bad art and bad psychology, though the difficulty in the way of making her anything else is, as we have pointed out, almost fundamental.

The difficulty was manifest in the acting of Miss Carroll McComas, who had the principal part. In the presence of the real Salamanders, who, by the way, were well picked, especially Miss Francine Larrimore as the illustrator's model, she seemed at a disadvantage, probably because she felt the necessity of indicating constantly some earnest of deeper emotion to come. Hence she wore a partly tragic air where simple shallowness would have served better. But in the larger scenes she was often adequate, though even here she seemed to sense, even while indulging in it, that tragic despair exceeded the bounds of the original conception. The three men, as played by Orme Caldara, A. E. Anson, and Albert Bruning, were not unconvincing. Mr. Bruning, as Sassoon, saved as well as was possible a scene which in its outspokenness is offensive. It is to be hoped that such scenes may disappear from the American stage; but if they are here to stay, our playwrights might practice a manner which contrives to suggest without being blatant. A good word should be spoken for the restraint of Miss Beverly Sitgreaves, who played the part of Dodo's confidante. F.

"BIG JIM GARRITY."

It is too bad that an experienced actor like John Mason was not provided with a better play than that now running at the New York Theatre. That "Big Jim Garrity" is melodrama of the frankest sort might have been much in its favor in this season, when a certain relaxation is noticeable in dramatic performances. Melodrama, in particular, has been tried out repeatedly, and there was hope that from these experiments some one successful piece might emerge. War has reduced the whole world to a mood which is most aware of the fundamental facts of life and death and right and wrong—a mood, in a word, which is almost specially prepared for the obvious morality wherein melodrama *par excellence* is accustomed to deal. But a good melodrama is not the easy thing to write that one might suppose.

"Big Jim Garrity," for instance, is poorly constructed. Though the plot is fairly simple, it is resolved not so much by the exigencies of the action as by gratuitous admissions on the part of the actors, nicely timed to keep the play going. To any discerning person it is clear from the start that John Dexter, railway owner of California, who is soon revealed to the audience as Big Jim, an escaped convict, with nineteen years yet to serve, could never have committed the murder for which he was sentenced. His whole character points the other way. And the audience is intent upon seeing him, exculpated, to be sure, in the end, but for the time being carrying on a masterly struggle with the villain who is trying to keep him under. In Dr. Malone, the real murderer, who has, in addition, inflicted the morphine habit upon Dexter's wife, he seems at first to have a worthy foe, and promise is given of a solid encounter. The introduction as butler of a former prison-mate of Dexter's, and as maid of the woman who loves this rascal, also holds forth promise of interesting complications. But they are short-lived. Such a coward is Dawson that a threat from one of Dexter's big fists would have made him divulge at any moment enough to incriminate the villain. The struggle becomes half-hearted. For this reason, "Big Jim Garrity," though seeking sensation and thrills in gunplay and the use of morphine and chloroform, is not a little tame. The acting was well above the level of the play. F.

"KICK IN."

Willard Mack's play, which A. H. Woods presents at the Longacre Theatre, is a tragedy, not in its substance, but in its incidence. It demonstrates the tragedy of lost opportunity, for it is at least a season, perhaps two or three seasons, too late. Under the most favorable circumstances, when use had not blunted or custom staled our appetite for "crook" plays, it might have passed muster. But familiarity has had its familiar effect. We know exactly now how gruff, burly, deep-voiced policemen behave on the stage; we could ourselves assist at "sweating" a recalcitrant witness at headquarters, and were we so unfortunate as to be in the witness's place, we flatter curselves that we could parry neatly some of the officer's most deadly thrusts—certainly we should not fail to discomfit him and raise a laugh from the audience by inquiring after the health of his wife or mother. There may have been a time when some of our deepest emotions were aroused by hearing a police official warn a shivering witness not to "pull any of that raw stuff," but if so it was long ago, and such is the callousness of the human heart that the spectacle of a reformed crook hounded by police persecution to further crookedness no longer moves either fear or pity.

"Kick In" is merely a "crook" play of the familiar type, but of somewhat inferior construction, having for its motive the difficulty experienced by a man once convicted of crime in rehabilitating himself in the face of police suspicion, and the curtain goes down on the time-honored but hardly plausible solution—the hard heart of the police official moved to temporary pity by the thought of his little children. The cast is competent and does what is possible with the unpromising material. A clever and careful piece of characterization is Miss Katherine Harris's interpretation of the young daughter of a lodging-house keeper. John Barrymore's impersonation of the unfortunate hero, Chick Hewes, persecuted by fate and the police, would be more plausible did he emphasize the reformation more and the crook less. S. W.

"Mary Goes First," in three acts and an epilogue, by Henry Arthur Jones (Doubleday, Page & Co.), which has been played with great success in London and is to be seen here next week, is, as Clayton Hamilton rightly says in a preface, a genuine comedy. Moreover, it is, in its way, a model of constructive skill. Starting from an incident of the most trivial nature, it develops a series of amusing dramatic situations, in perfectly logical fashion, by a close observance of the inter-relationship between character and circumstance, and reaches a final solution of the resultant complications in a way that is natural, simple, and human. The story of the plot, which in itself is a matter of very little consequence, need not be told at this time. In view of the coming representation, it might not be altogether fair to do so. The true value of the piece lies in the excellence of its literary and theatrical workmanship, in the nice consistency of its characterization, and its general fidelity as a study of middle-class society in the neighborhood of a big English provincial town. Incidentally it furnishes some lively satire upon current practices in law and politics. All the personages are sketched with firm and facile touch. If not original in design they are delightfully true to type. Chief among them, of course, is Mary Whichello, the sharp-tongued, aspiring and indomitable little woman, who, having long enjoyed the leadership of her own set, won by unfailing tact and activity, finds herself suddenly robbed of her precedence by a knighthood conferred upon the husband of a despised rival, who was only a grocer's daughter. A gibe which she flings at this detested object is the source of the whole dramatic imbroglio. She is an engaging little creature, alive and feminine in every fibre. Equally lifelike is her easy-going, golf-loving husband, who is unwillingly involved in her tea-cup tempest and all sorts of perplexities, but is, nevertheless, compelled by her strategy to supply the means of the triumph, which she generously foregoes. The striving young lawyer, of elastic principles; the stupid, pompous knight and his unlucky spouse—the feeble, emotional butt of

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Mary's witticisms; the old country attorney; the junior liberal "whip," and the eminent metropolitan physician are all recognizable portraits and are woven into the scheme with admirable ingenuity. Whether a play so completely English in its motive, its coloring, and its references, so entirely free from any kind of theatrical sensationalism, and so dependent for success upon its veracity, its humor—which is largely local—and the superior quality of its dialogue, will meet with full appreciation when submitted to the judgment of an ordinary New York audience, remains to be seen. But it will afford an hour's hearty enjoyment to any intelligent reader and is entirely worthy of the reputation of its able author.

Arrangements are going forward by which Julia Arthur will make two reappearances upon the stage, one in Boston in November and one in New York in December, for the benefit of actors' families made destitute by war. She will act in "Mercedes," T. B. Aldrich's powerful little tragedy, and she will be supported by William Courtleigh, Madame Cottrelly, Ernest Glendinning, and Forest Robinson.

When "Drake" has run its course at His Majesty's Theatre in London, Sir Herbert Tree will produce the First Part of "King Henry IV." In it, of course, he will resume the part of Falstaff, which he first played at the London Haymarket in 1906. It will be interesting to note how much his conception has matured in twenty years.

Art

With the fifth and sixth volumes, Mr. John Murray completes the authorized revision of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "A History of Painting in Italy" (Scribner; $6 net, each). Dr. Tancred Borenius, who had shown his mettle in the three volumes on Northern Italy, has assumed editorial supervision over these last two volumes of the six on the Central Italian schools, and his work here is better than that of his predecessor—more succinct, judicious, and accurate. According to the plan of the edition, his part is limited to additional notes, sometimes corrections of the original text, more often additions from the literature of the fifty years which have elapsed since this classic work was first published. Where much correction is necessary, as, for example, in the lives of Signorelli and Perugino, the procedure forces upon the reader a bewilderment of adjustment of text to notes, but this was inevitable in the very nature of the enterprise. One could wish for some typographical device by which material corrections to such a standard text might be made in the margin or inset at the place to be corrected. Such a plan would save a reader's eyes and temper. However, one must, on any terms, be grateful to publisher and editor for this careful revision of a standard work. In general, Dr. Borenius has made a pretty clean sweep of all relevant material, but, like all European critics, he is insufficiently informed as to American collections. Within the field of these two volumes, New Haven would have furnished a very important Ridolfo Ghirlandaio and a good Pietà from the shop of Fra Bartolommeo; the Johnson collection, Philadelphia, no less than three Signorellis; the Metropolitan Museum, examples of Sano di Pietro, Bugiardini, Benvenuto da Siena, and Lorenzo di Credi. It is strange indeed that the editor of such a work should appear to be ignorant of the existence of the very necessary and authoritative *Bulletin* issued every month by the Metropolitan Museum, in which all important acquisitions are duly reproduced and discussed. The similar publications of the museums of Worcester, Chicago, and Boston might also have been consulted to advantage. These omissions are, after all, venial, and the volumes, attesting a sound and cautious scholarship, should long remain standard.

Volume V is devoted to "The Umbrian and Sienese Masters of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries." It begins with Pietro della Francesca and ends with the followers of Perugino. On the way such great estrays as Gentile da Fabriano come in. The whole Sienese-Umbrian field has been the object of constant investigation for fifteen years past. In no period was a thoroughgoing revision of the original "C & C" more necessary, and the editor has acquitted himself with credit of a task at once difficult and delicate. The final volume, which treats of the Florentine and Sienese painters who stand on the verge of the Classical Renaissance, for instance, Pietro di Cosimo, Granacci, Fra Bartolommeo, his partner, Albertinelli; Andrea del Sarto, Fungai, Pacchiarotto, Peruzzi, has required less overhauling whether as to fact or critical opinion. After fifty years, the estimates of Crowe and Cavalcaselle need very little shading or reversal. One can only regret that their great work stopped short of Michelangelo and of such very personal followers as Pontormo and Bronzino. There still seems to be room for a couple of supplementary volumes, which should carry the general history of Italian painting in Rome, Venice, Florence, Parma, and Bologna, at least to the death of Titian. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "Raphael" and "Titian" fill this need only in part. Should the publishers venture to extend this classic work, they evidently would have in Dr. Borenius an entirely competent supplementer.

A good book to take to the farmhouse for guidance in experimenting is "The Craft of Home Made Rugs," by Amy Mali Hicks (McBride; $2). It is essentially a manual for amateurs, with practical suggestions for making floor covering and hangings from household left-overs and cast-offs. That the home-fashioned rug in skilful hands, animated by good taste and sense of design, may be a very artistic product, has been abundantly shown in the past fifteen years. The author gives an invaluable chapter on dyeing and good technical descriptions of the braided, scalloped, knitted, crocheted, hooked, needle-woven, and loom-woven types of rug. She is rather liberal in her attitude towards the re-use of machine-made fabrics, urging that "it is wise to work fundamentally and thoroughly, but if we cannot do so with absolute thoroughness we must do so as conscientiously and well as conditions will let us." One wishes that she had given a recipe for knotting the drawn rug. This can be done to great advantage of the wearing quality. While mentioning the rug-making industries at Cranberry Island and Chocorua it would have been just to give credit to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Volk for the pioneer enterprise of the kind, that at Centre Loyell, Me. With possibly a few other minor defects of this character the book is, nevertheless, one of the most useful of its kind yet published.

Finance

THE TURN FOR THE BETTER.

A series of incidents, at the opening of this week, has pointed to decided improvement in the peculiar situation into which this country's financial and business enterprise had been thrown by the European war. These incidents comprise the announcement that our new banking system will be formally established in a fortnight; England's declaration that the sea is open for export, even to hostile countries, of non-contraband articles, such as cotton; largely increased purchases of materials here by Europe; disappearance on Saturday of the deficit in New York bank reserves; evidence that the bankers' coöperative plan to finance the portion of our cotton crop which the war might make unsalable was progressing satisfactorily.

To close observers of the markets, this turn for the better in the situation did not come unheralded. Inasmuch as the dilemma which has confronted this country since July has had primarily to do with the problem of international finance and trade, it was altogether logical that the foreign exchange market should give the first sign of what was going on. Exchange on London, in the week when Germany's declaration of war was plainly impending, rose to the extraordinary rate of $7 in the pound sterling. In a normal market, it cannot rise above 4.89½, because at that figure it is profitable to export gold and draw exchange against it. The $7 rate at the end of last July measured the frantic haste of financial Europe to draw at any price on its American credits, to strengthen a home position where the impending war seemed to threaten general bankruptcy. The war began; London relieved its own situation by a series of unprecedented financial expedients.

Yet it continued to draw heavily on New York, and exchange rates, even at the opening of this month, stood at the quite abnormal level of $5 in the pound. In the well-known language of Lombard Street, the exchanges were moving heavily against us; and the extent of that adverse movement seemed to measure the depth of our financial predicament. About a week ago, the rate began to fall. Three or four days ago, the movement in our favor became extremely rapid. On Monday, for the first time since the third week of July, exchange on London, at 4.89, reached a familiar and normal level.

So striking a reversal of position, in the market most sensitive to the present drift of affairs, suggests a review of the actual situation. Our particular difficulties, which developed during the second month of war, were four in number. We were cut off from access to the supplies of European capital which our markets habitually use; so much so, that even renewal of existing loans was doubtful. We were threatened, or believed ourselves to be, with prodigious realizing sales of the mass of American securities held in Europe, and, for that reason, dared not

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reopen our Stock Exchange. Our export trade was heavily cut down, despite the large grain shipments, by the collapse of the European demand for certain of our staple products, notably cotton. Finally, our banks were doing business on a basis of emergency banknote issues and clearing-house loan certificates, and their cash reserves were almost as far below the legal ratio to deposits as they were in the panic weeks of 1907.

The problem how far our markets, and our industrial undertakings, as a result of the war's huge requisitions on European capital resources, will have to dispense with the usual assistance from that quarter, is still unsolved. It is not yet clear how much the absence of this European capital will affect our country's business situation. The facts, however, which stand forth without dispute, are that, despite a natural preliminary hesitation, we have maintained our credit by exporting gold in large amount to meet pressing liabilities in the foreign markets, and that meantime the United States, alone of the great financial nations, is proceeding with its own accumulation of capital, purely for use in peaceful industry.

Nor can the question be described as settled what the attitude of European holders of American securities would be, if a free market were to be opened here on which they could be sold. But the assumption that enormous liquidation would at once ensue is pure conjecture. Financial Europe is no longer in the state of panic which prevailed last August; the Government borrowings have not disturbed its markets; its banking houses are not confronted with insolvency, and at least a considerable motive must exist among them to keep a substantial part of their investment funds in a field where financial undertakings are in no respect directly jeopardized by war.

These are the more obscure considerations in the situation. In the export trade and the bank position, we have something more tangible to observe. Our excess of merchandise exports over imports in September was less by $31,000,000 than in 1913. But if our cotton exports had been only half as large as they were the year before, the total export excess would have been fully as great as in the previous September. Now, last month's weekly cotton exports by us to Europe averaged barely one-ninth of the 1913 figures, whereas the weekly average thus far in October has been nearly one-third of a year ago. This recovery cannot fail to be stimulated by the wider opening of European markets hitherto shut off, if not through the suggested taking of cotton by the London banking community as security for advance of capital from there.

As to the home banking situation, we have still to reckon with the mass of emergency banknote issues, the outstanding Clearing House loan certificates, the unsettled loans on Stock Exchange collateral, and the unusual burdens assumed in financing, first New York city's foreign debt, next the requirements for export gold, and finally the cotton trade's position. But we can also see that, in the face of all these handicaps, the New York banks have restored their surplus reserve, and that not only they, but the national banks of the country as a whole, now actually hold in their reserves more gold than they held a year ago.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Browne, A. C. The Prophet's Wife. Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.
Caine, William. But She Meant Well. Lane. $1.30 net.
Gale, Zona. Neighborhood Stories. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Haiken, E. The River. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Johnston, M. The Witch. Houghton Mifflin. $1.40 net.
Kimball, A. The Prince of Mercuria. Hearst's Int. Library Co. $1.25 net.
Klein, C., and Hornblow, A. The Money Makers. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Lippmann, J. M. Martha and Cupid. Holt. $1 net.
O'Donovan, G. Father Ralph. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.40 net.
Peterson, M. Blind Eyes. Chicago: Browne & Howell Co. $1.30 net.
Standish, B. L. Lefty o' the Bush. Barse & Hopkins. 60 cents net.
Tracey, V. Persons Unknown. Century. $1.35 net.
Turner, G. K. The Last Christian. Hearst's Int. Library Co. $1.25 net.
Vachel, H. A. Quinneys'. Doran. $1.25 net.
Vanardy, V. The Night Wind's Promise. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Wylie, I. A. R. The Red Mirage. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Young, F. E. M. Valley of a Thousand Hills. Lane. $1.30 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Apcar, Diana A. The Great Evil. Privately printed.
Black, Hugh. The Open Door. Revell. $1 net.
Bristol, Frank M. Heroines of History. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Calkins, H. R. A Man and His Money. Methodist Book Concern. $1 net.
Crane, Dr. Frank. Footnotes to Life. Lane. $1 net.
Cruse, Amy. English Literature Through the Ages. Stokes. $2 net.
Dickinson, G. L. Appearances. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Essays in Exposition. Edited by B. P. Kurtz, H. E. Cory, F. T. Blanchard, and G. R. MacMinn. Boston: Ginn. $1.30 net.
Gauss, C. Selections from the Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Princeton University Press. 65 cents net.
Graham, Winifred. The Enemy of Woman. New Edition. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.35 net.
Irwin, F. Nullo Auction. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Jessop, A. England's Peasantry and Other Essays. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
Lippmann, W. Drift and Mastery. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Mabie, Hamilton W. Japan Today and Tomorrow. Macmillan. $2 net.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. The Unknown Guest. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Morehouse, F. M. The Discipline of the School. Heath. $1.25.
Walsh, William S. Heroes and Heroines of Fiction. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Wright, A. H. North American Anura. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Anderson, F. L. The Man of Nazareth. Macmillan. $1 net.
Baines-Griffiths, D. Our Brother of Joy. The Methodist Book Concern. 50 cents net.
Clough, J. C. Social Christianity in the Orient. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Painter, G. S. The Philosophy of Christ's Temptation. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.
Richard, E. God's Paths to Peace. Abingdon Press. 75 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Corwin, E. S. The Doctrine of Judicial Review. Princeton University Press. $1.25 net.
Dobson, M. At the Edge of the Pit. California News Publishing Co.
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